CANADIAN JEWISH REVIEW

Vol. X. AUGUST 2, 1929 No. [illegible]

Editorials

THE 16th ZIONIST CONGRESS

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MONTREAL SOCIAL

Miss Sarah Fischer, Montreal singer, has left for London where she is singing before Princess Victoria and Princess Marie Louise. On her return she will proceed with her husband, Herbert Carrick, to Saumur, where she is to sing at a reception of the Baroness de Luz. She will then return to Paris for a few days and will afterwards go to Cannes.

Dr. and Mrs. Aiton Goldbloom and their two sons, who are on an extended trip to the Pacific Coast, are in Vancouver and will spend a few days at Jasper Park on their way back, returning to Montreal, August 8. En route West they travelled by way of the Great Lakes.

S. Kellnor, Elm Avenue, has left to stay for two weeks at Old Orchard.

Mrs. A. Shevell and children, of Toronto, are spending the summer at Ste. Agathe.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Bernstein, Sherbrooke Street West, have left to spend two months on the coast.

Miss Lillian Silverman is visiting her aunt, Mrs. M. L. Diamond, at Shirley Bay, Ont.

Miss Gertrude Glickman, Redfern Avenue, is at Old Orchard.

Mrs. M. A. Fine and daughter, Florence, Sherbrooke Street West, have returned from Toronto where they were guests of the former's mother, Mrs. S. Nurich.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Applebaum, and sons, of Flushing, Long Island are visiting their parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. Kellnor, Elm Avenue.

Mrs. B. Birn, of Toronto, who was visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. D. Adelman, Marcil Avenue, has gone back.

Mrs. H. Faber, Cote Ste. Antoine Road, returned from Toronto, where she visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. Goodman, and has left for Ivry Nord.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Krivian and daughter, Eleanor, of Buffalo, who have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. A. Kellnor, Elm Avenue, have gone home.

Misses Lillian Polikoff, Adele Berk and Rose Simon, all of New York, who were visiting Misses Faye Wohl and Rose Rapp, of Toronto, spent a few days in Montreal before going home.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Applebaum, and sons, of Flushing, Long Island, who are visiting Mr. and Mrs. A. Kellnor, Elm Avenue, spent a few days at Chateau Frontenac, Quebec, and two weeks at Weneryille, Que.

Misses Beatrice Friedman, Westmount Avenue, and Margaret Robinson, Grosvenor Avenue, have left on a motor trip to the States.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Elkin and family, Waverley Street, have returned from a trip to Philadelphia, Atlantic City, Niagara Falls, Buffalo and Pittsburg.

Mrs. M. A. Fine and daughter, Florence, Sherbrooke Street West, are at Old Orchard Beach, Maine.

Miss Pearl Sonenberg, Van Horne Avenue, left Friday, July 26, to stay for two weeks in New York, Atlantic City and Asbury Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bramson, Sherbrooke Street West, are spending the summer at Old Orchard Beach, Maine.

Mrs. G. Belkin, Sherbrooke Street West, is summering at Val David.

Mrs. F. Brown, and children, Drummond Street, are at Old Orchard Beach, Maine.

Mrs. W. Rosenbloom, Northcliffe Avenue, is spending a month at Old Orchard Beach, Maine.

Misses Dorothy Wollenberg and Lea Bailin, of Brooklyn, N.Y., who were visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. Rosen, of Toronto, spent a few days in Montreal before returning home.

Mrs. S. Cowan, Sherbrooke Street West, has returned from Toronto, where she spent two weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Shneir, and family, of Toronto, and Mrs. J. Brookler, of Winnipeg, motored here last week-end.

Miss Sarah Levikoff, who is training at the Brooklyn Jewish Hospital Brooklyn, N.Y., is expected home August 11, to spend a month, with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. Levikoff, Vendome Avenue.

Mrs. Abram Rapp, De l'Epee Avenue, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Harry Pullan, of Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. Leon Shure, Girouard Avenue, have left on a motor tour through the States and other points.

Miss Leah Jacobson, Decarie Boulevard, who spent two weeks at Ste. Agathe, has returned.

Irving Boldman is home from St. Faustin where he spent two weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. L. Lurie and daughter, Shirley, Decarie Boulevard, were at Ste. Agathe last week-end.

Miss Marie Ashkaloney, Vendome Avenue, spent a few weeks at Ste. Agathe.

Miss Sallie Solomon, Van Horne Avenue, visited her sister, Mrs. J. Rosenberg, at St. Margueite last week-end.

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[illegible] Hornstein, St. Urbain Street, has returned from a trip to Ottawa and [illegible]

Mr and Mrs. H. Herwitz and son, [illegible]ram, Hutchison Street, are back from a motor trip to New York.

Miss Libbie Feinbrook, Sherbrooke Street West, is at Chateau Quinte, Ste. Marguerites.

Mrs. E. Garber and daughter, [illegible]thy, Sherbrooke Street West, are in Connecticut.

Miss Sarah Hoffman, Sherbrooke Street West, is at Chateau Quinte, Ste. Marguerites.

[illegible]ert Gold, of New Haven, Conn., who was visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. Gold, Lajoie Avenue, has returned.

Mr. and Mrs. Phil Garfinkle, Sherbrooke Street West, are home from a trip to California.

Mr. and Mrs. I. Goldman, Wilson Avenue, sailed Tuesday morning, July 30, on board the "Empress of England" for France, the Continent, and England.

Misses Sea Goldapple, Sally Plotnick, Ann Pavlovsky, Jimmy Plotnick and Sadie Sadler, Joe Zinman of St. Johns, Que., and Sol Lauber were guests of Misses Betty Plotnick and Leah Sadler at their summer cottage in Chateauguay over the week end.

Mrs. A. Levy and family, Sherbrooke Street West, are spending the summer at Mont Rolland.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Moss, Sherbrooke Street West, spent last week-end at Granby.

Miss Florence Freeman, Querbes Avenue, is home from Cleveland, Ohio.

Mr. David Feldman, De l'Epee Avenue, is at Val Morin.

Mr. and Mrs. Lajoie Avenue, is leaving [illegible] for a few weeks at Ste. [illegible]ttes

Miss Sarah Hornstein is leaving [illegible] 14 on an extended trip to [illegible] Islands.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Baglasky, [illegible] Street, accompanied by Mrs. Eva Guilaroff and Theodore Guilaroff, have left on a motor trip through the States.

Mrs. S. Silverstone and family, [illegible]es Avenue, Outremont, are spending the summer at Mont Rolland.

[illegible] Lubinow, Park Avenue, is at [illegible] Pocono, Tannersville, Philadelphia.

Miss Tootsie Fuchs, of New York, is visiting Mrs. M. Dresdner, Prud'homme Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Robinson and family have gone to live in Hamilton.

Mr. Hornstein, St. Urbain Street, [illegible] the Kiwanian Concert, Wednesday evening, July 17, at Fletcher's [illegible]

Miss Florence Freeman, Querbes [illegible] is with Mrs. William Sharpe, Lake Marois, Que.

[illegible]ur Rosenthal and his fiancée, [illegible]Blanche Lefkovitz, and Mr. [illegible]itz, of Bronx, N. Y., motored [illegible] for a few days and were the guests of Mrs. M. Dobrofsky, Dorval.

[illegible] Eleanor and Bessie Elin, [illegible] Avenue, are spending a few [illegible] at Schroon Lake.

Miss Evelyn Priesberger and fiancé, [illegible] Shapiro, of Bronx, N. Y., were here for a few days and were guests of Mrs. M. Dobrofsky, Dorval.

Mrs. Bernheim and daughter, of New Haven, Conn., who were visiting Mr and Mrs. S. Gold, Lajoie Avenue, have gone home.

Mr. Hornstein, St. Urbain Street, returned from the military Camp, St. John's, Que.

Theodore Guilaroff, of New York, is visiting his parents, Mr and Mrs. Guilaroff, Park Avenue.

To compliment Miss Louise Lawrence, whose marriage to Sonny Guilaroff took place at Champlain, New York, July 27, Mrs. H. Freeman, Querbes Avenue, gave a linen shower; and Mrs. William Cohen, Sherbrooke Street West, tea at the Windsor Hotel.

Mrs. A. Gould, Renfrew Road, is home from a trip to New York.

Mrs. J. Taylor and daughter, Selma, St. Urbain Street, are leaving to spend a month at Old Orchard Beach, Maine.

Maurice Taylor, St. Urbain Street, wireless officer, is leaving for Australia on board the "S.S. Canadian Britisher" and expects to return in November.

A. Gould, Renfrew Road, left Saturday, July 27, on board the "Leviathan" for a six weeks' business tour to Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. David R. Miller, Outremont, motored to Boston to visit Mr. and Mrs. N. Golub, Dorchester, Mass.

Dr. and Mrs. Moe Kaufman, left July 13 to spend a year in Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Lesser, Roslyn Avenue, have left for Atlantic City and New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Hyman C. Sabloff, Old Orchard Avenue, motored to Boston and were guests of her brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. N. Golub, Dorchester, Mass.

Miss Lottie Levine, Clarke Street, has left to spend her vacation in Halifax.

Mrs. R. Kaminsky, Outremont, motored to Boston for ten days and while there was the guest of her brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. N. Golub, of Dorchester.

Misses Jennie Smilovitz and Rose Azeff, St. Joseph Boulevard West, are spending their vacation at Old Orchard Beach, Maine.

Mrs. D. Phillips is visiting her daughter, Mrs. H. Sugarman, of Ottawa.

Miss Dorothy Claire, of Toronto, who was visiting Miss Rose Smilovitch, Colonial Avenue, has returned home.

Mr. and Mrs. Morz A. Kaminsky (née Miss Rena B. Levitt) of Peekskill, N.Y., motored to Montreal and were guests of the formers' mother, Mrs. R. Kaminsky, Outremont.

Mrs. T. D. Diamond, of Lynbrook, L.I., who has been visiting Mrs. M. Dobrofsky, at Dorval, Que., has returned home.

Mr. and Mrs. P. Sommer, of Jonquiere, Que., entertained Sunday, July 21, in honour of the engagement of their daughter, Ethel, to William Woloshen, of St. Joseph d'Alma. Montreal guests were Mr. and Mrs. Louis Sommer, Mr. and Mrs. Weintraub, Mrs. B. Sommer and Mr. and Mrs. D. Woloshen. $20 was donated to the Old People's Home and $20 to the Montefiore Hebrew Orphans' Home.

Mrs. George Silverman (née Gertrude Cohen), of Detroit, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Cohen, Esplanade Avenue, for several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Richstone, Miss Florence Denenberg, Sam and Jack Denenberg motored to Old Orchard to remain for two weeks.

Miss Anne Shonemsky, of Ottawa, has gone home after spending two weeks at Ste. Agathe and Montreal.

Mrs. S. L. Neiderhoffer (née Betty Scott) has left for New York, to join her husband, Dr. Neiderhoffer.

Miss Annie Frank, Park Avenue, is staying for a few weeks in Chicago.

H. Kravatz, of New York, who spent a week with his wife and daughter at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. Friedman, Esplanade Avenue, has returned.

Miss Rose Grassman spent the week-end at St. Faustin, Que.

Mrs. H. Deutsch and children, of Chicago, formerly of Montreal, who motored here, and were guests of Mrs. M. Frank, Park Avenue have returned.

Mrs. H. Kravatz and daughter, Phyllis, of New York, are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. Friedman, Esplanade Avenue.

To honour Miss Dorothy Claire, of Toronto, Miss Fay Karovitch gave a theatre party and tea, July 14; Lou Smilovitch, theatre and dance, July 22; Miss Rose Smilovitch, theatre party and tea, July 21.

Mrs. B. Goldberg and daughter, Lily, Guy Street, are spending two weeks at La Macaza, Que.

Mesdames Leun Schacter and Saul Niloff, of Sherbrooke, Que., motored to town for a few days.

Mrs. H. Goldberg, Durocher Avenue, is at Old Orchard Beach, Maine.

Mrs. M. A. Fine and daughter, Florence, Sherbrooke Street West, are home from Toronto and have left for Old Orchard Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Mazur, of Ottawa, who were in town to attend the convention of the American Canadian Lawyers, were at the Mount Royal Hotel.

Miss Lily Becker, Hutchison Street, has left on a tour through the States and will stop at Toronto, Niagara Falls, Buffalo, Windsor, Detroit, New York, and Philadelphia and will visit relatives for two months in Baltimore, Maryland.

Miss Mildred Abramson, of Detroit, is visiting her aunt, Mrs. J. Basevitz, de l'Epee Avenue.

George and David Kirschberg, Western Avenue are staying for two weeks at Old Orchard Beach.

Miss Isabel Jaslov, of New York, was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. C. Davis Goodman, Academy Road.

Saul E. Moskovitch stayed over the past week end at Scout Camp Tamaraouta, where he visited his Scouts.

Mrs. S. Smilovitz, St. Joseph Boulevard West, is at Saratoga Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Moskovitch, Sherbrooke Street West, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Kissner, motored to Old Orchard Beach to spend the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Neumann, Côte St. Antoine Road, accompanied by Harold Neumann, Vendome Avenue, and M. S. Singer, Champagneur Avenue, motored to Alberton, Mass., to visit Dr. and Mrs. Wm. E. P. Basch.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Kissner, Dorchester Street West, motored to Old Orchard Beach, Maine.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Marcovitch and family, Stuart Avenue, Outremont, have left to spend a few weeks at Saratoga Springs and New York.

Miss Mildred Garfinkel, Sherbrooke Street West, is spending a few weeks in Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Lauria, Prudhomme Avenue, spent the past week-end at Port Douglas, Lake Champlain.

Misses Edith and Flo Weintraub, of Toronto, motored to Montreal and are guests of Miss Betty Plotnick, 5246 St. Urbain St.

At the summer cottage in Chateauguay of Misses Betty Plotnick, Lea Sadler, Rae Finkelstein, Sally Levine, Ann Sadler, Lily Leibush and Yetta Finkelstein were: Misses Edith and Flo Weintraub of Toronto, Ann Epstein, Sylvia Plotnick, and Nat Epstein, Joe Epstein, Abe Sadler, Lou Plotnick, Sol Epstein, Isadore Feiner and Al Miller; and Joe Zinman of St. Johns, Quebec; and Al Pasternack and Irving Pomerance, of New York City.

Miss Ann Epstein (434 St. Urbain St.) entertained at her home Tuesday, July 23rd, for Misses Edith and Flo Weintraub of Toronto, guests of Miss Betty Plotnick.

Registered at Westermann's Hotel, La Macaza, Que. are: Mrs. S. Lubel, Mrs. A. Kashtan, Mr. and Mrs. M. Esar, Mr. and Mrs. A. Singer, Mr. and Mrs. M. Hamer and family, Mr. and Mrs. N. Brodkin and family, Mr. and Mrs. I. Potashin and family, Mrs. D. Hamer, Mrs. S. Hittig, Mrs. B. Shvemar, Mr. and Mrs. C. Herman and family, Mrs. R. Pascal and daughter, Mrs. L. Bruger and daughter, Misses Gertrude Levenetown, Esther Kashtan, Ruth Cutler, Celia Buck, Bertha Saltzman, Fanny Greenberg, Lily Plotnick, Esther Hockenstein, Tuby Dobrinsky, Gertrude Berrovitch, Rose Finegarts, Bessie Weinstein, Toba Spector, Zelda Litvack, Ella Litvack, Eva Bernstein, Mary Hittig, Esther Kodack, Clara Bruger, Rae Panabaria, Edith Clarov, Goldie Talas, B. Cohen, and Joe Blau, Sam Blau, Lou Goldman, Jack Staroselsky, Joe Bercovitch, Isidore Reinhart, I. Simpson, Issie Rivenovitch, Dave Rivenovitch, Lou Shvemar, Moe Fratkin, Ruby Feldman, and Sam Zeffcovitch.

Mrs. D. B. Harris, of White Plains, N.Y., who was visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Moses Zeficovitz, 1210 Lajoie Avenue, Outremont, for two weeks, has gone home.

Mrs. I. Levine and family, Laurier Avenue West, are at Val Morin, Que., for a month.

Mrs. Wolfe Michaelsohn and Mrs. Bernard Sattin, of London, England, who were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Silverman, Vendome Avenue, have left for New York to sail for home on board the "Acquitania".

MONTREAL GIRL RESCUES TOT

Quick action on the part of a nine-year-old girl saved the life of Henry B. Hyman, Jr., 3, of New York, when he fell into Lake George from the dock of a hotel, July 25. The little girl, Edna Hyman, of Montreal, who was playing nearby, leaped into the water and brought him to safety. The children are not related. The boy is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry B. Hyman of 35 East 85th street, New York, the girl is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Hyman of 421 Roslyn Avenue, Westmount, Quebec. The [illegible] was standing on the [illegible] dock.

WINS RAFFLE

The drawing of the raffle in aid of the Edith Sugar Memorial Scholarship under the auspices of Delta Phi, Epsilon Sorority, took place, July 13, at 264 Clarkson Avenue and was won by Dr. A. K. Lyon, 1396 St. Catherine Street West.

SCHOLARSHIP AVAILABLE

[illegible] Palestine Scholarship Society scholarships are as follows: $25 for the first year, $30 for the second year, $35 for the third year and $40 for the final year. Applicants forward their applications together with necessary letters of reference from their Hebrew Schools and school reports to Miss Sarah Miller, Secretary, Apt. 10, 5469 Sherbrooke Street West. Wilbert 2433-W.

ONLY 50% OF TROUBLE

Mrs. Leigh's child was home visiting the twin who was a guest and present and the latter was struck by the children's resemblance.

"My but your twins certainly look alike," she exclaimed. "You must have much trouble distinguishing one from the other."

"Well," admitted the mother reluctantly, "I have trouble picking out Moishe sometimes, but I can always recognize Benny."

Serge Koussevitsky, the director of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, is in Paris and will direct the presentations of the opera Boris Godounow.

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TOUR MEMBERS ABROAD

Members of the educational tour which is being conducted under the auspices of the religious school of Temple Emanu-El, Montreal, passed through Paris this week en route to Italy and the Holy Land. The tour is under the guidance of Rabbi H. J. Stern, of the Temple, and is being led by Hirsh Rosenfeld, and will comprise visits to Genoa, Naples, Alexandria, Cairo, Jaffa, Jerusalem, Tel Aviv, Haifa and on the way back Rome, Lucerne and Paris. The party will return to Canada August 10, sailing from Cherbourg on the Cunarder Ausonia. Among the Canadians included in the party in addition to Rabbi Stern and Mr. Rosenfeld are Ben Yaphe, William Joseph, Edward Sommer, Martin Simon, Jack Wexler and Abe Greenberg.

Engagements

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Horovitch announce the engagement of their only daughter, Anna, to Barnett, son of Mr. and Mrs. M. Ellis, of Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. P. Sommer, of Jonquiere, Que., announce the engagement of their daughter, Ethel, to William Woloshen, of St Joseph D'Alma.

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GARY COOPER
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Marriages

Heller-Messinger

The marriage of Mollie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. O. Messinger, to M. Heller, of New York, formerly of Montreal, took place Saturday, July 20. Mr. and Mrs. Heller will live in New York.

Broidy-Abbey

The marriage of Emma, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Abbey, to William A. Broidy, son of Mr. and Mrs. S. Broidy, was solemnized Wednesday, July 24, at the home of the bride's parents, Sherbrooke Street West. Reverend Segal officiated.

Levinoff-Lawrence

Mr. and Mrs. John J. Lawrence announce the marriage of their daughter Leonie, to Sonny Levinoff, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. I. Levinoff, at Champlain, New York, July 27th.

HERZL MEMORIAL MEETING

A memorial meeting was held in the Y.M.H.A. new building to commemorate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the death of Dr. Theodor Herzl. I. B. Cohen, principal of the Bialik Hebrew School and chairman of the Jewish National Fund Council of Montreal, was chairman. B. Yelin, addressed the gathering in Hebrew on "The Hebrew Language as a Living Language." Harvey Golden, director of the Y.M.H.A., spoke on "Herzl the Statesman" and S. Caplan addressed the meeting in Yiddish, on "Herzl as a Modern Prophet". Misses Saran Aaron and Herscovitch, pupils of the Bialik Hebrew School, recited in Hebrew and English. R. A. Darwin, chairman of the Jewish National Fund for Canada, appealed to those present to purchase trees. El Malei Rachamim prayer was invoked by Cantor Levinski, who gave vocal and piano selections.

CANADIANS IN LOS ANGELES

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Klineberger entertained at dinner, in honor of her mother and father, Mr. and Mrs. George Rabinovitch of Montreal. Covers were laid for twenty-four.

Mrs. M. Garbell was hostess to sixteen guests at luncheon and bridge, July 25th. Prize winners were: Mesdames H. Genser, M. Dick, D. Kotkin, and D. Kaplan, of Boston.

Mrs. M. Goldstein gave a luncheon and bridge at a tea room with covers for 24. Those winning prizes at bridge were Mesdames Harry Goldstein, Harry Thompson, H. Friendlander, D. Rosenheck, and A. Shulman.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Klineberger entertained at bridge Tuesday evening, July 23rd.

Mr. and Mrs. George Rabinovitch and Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Klineberger were at Aqua Caliente.

Mrs. N. Lippmann gave birth to a son.

Mr. and Mrs. Dick and Mr. and Mrs. Dexter motored to Aqua Caliente and San Diego.

Deaths

DEATHS

Mrs. S. Greenberg, age 48, died, Sunday, July 21. She is survived by her mother, Mrs. B. Kendall; three sisters, Mrs. A. Markovitz, and Mrs. M. Karetkin, of Montreal; and Mrs. R. Wexler, of Windsor, Ont., and one brother, A. Kendall, of New York.

Samuel Feldman, age 28, of Chicago, who died in an automobile accident, June 18, is survived by his wife and two children; his father, Solomon Feldman, of Ukrainia; two sisters, Mrs. A. Posternack, of Montreal; Miss Esther Feldman, of Los Angeles; and three brothers, Robin, Nathan and Berel, of Montreal.

Mrs. J. Margolick (née Ada Silver) age fifty, died at her home, 558 Dunlop Avenue, Tuesday, July 23. Funeral took place at her home Wednesday, July 24. She is survived by her husband, seven children, Mrs. N. Ralph, Mrs. N. Beecher, Ray Estelle, Sam, Moe and Frances; her mother, Mrs. C. Sloves; and one sister, Mrs. S. Hershfield, of Trenton, N.J.

Born

To Mr. and Mrs. J. Ellis, (née Jessie Cooke) Saturday, July 27, at the Royal Victoria Maternity Hospital, a son.

CAMP BNAI BRITH

Camp Bnai Brith at Profontaine in the Laurentians, conducted by Mount Royal Lodge No. 729, Bnai Brith, is set aside Sunday, August 4th, as Children's day. Families and friends of the Order invited. Picnic grounds available. The C.P.R. is co-operating. The third group of 130 boys are at the camp and two more groups are to follow. Boys now at the Camp are from the Hebrew Free Schools Camp personnel: I. M. Konowitz, director; Dr. Max Rather, hygiene and sanitation; Hilliard Ginsberg, adjutant; Mr. Gelfand, quartermaster; B. Tafros, athletics and recreation; A. Lapin, swimming; J. Cohen, educational; M. Moscovitch, scout and cub work; Joseph Gordon, dramatics; J. Jacobs, Basketry; Harold Goodman, boxing and wrestling; David Levy, nature study; Ed. Kirsch, Joseph Scopp, Leonard Kirsch, junior counsellors.

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HAMILTON

L. Mark and C. Levenson are on a ...ing trip.

Miss Evelyn Skudwick is visiting ...k relatives in Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Blumenthal, of ...delphia, Pa., visited here with I. ...menthal.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Blumenthal, of Buf... motored in.

... Pliskow, of Detroit, was a visitor ...

Mrs. C. A. Bochner and son Lloyd, ... Toronto, have returned home after ...ing with Mr. and Mrs. I. Segal, ... the Beach.

Miss Dora Pearl, of Philadelphia ... gone home after a visit with Mr. ... Mrs. B. Glaser, Duke Street.

Miss Esther Fester, nurse-in-train... at Philadelphia, has returned to ... after a visit of several weeks ... her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. ...

Max Skudwick and daughter Mi... of Lewiston, Me., visited with Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Skudwick, en route ... Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Robinson and fam... formerly of Montreal, are living ...

Mr. and Mrs. S. Rubkin attended the silver wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. M. Clavir, Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. I. Levy have returned home after several weeks with their daughter Mrs. L. Epstein and Mr. Epstein, Brittania Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Aaronson, of New York, are visiting the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. Pincovitz, Charlton Avenue West.

Miss Glickman, of Montreal, is visiting with Mr. and Mrs. I. Barnett.

Mrs. Friedman, of Montreal, who was visiting her daughter, Mrs. Leo Barnett, has returned home.

Friends of Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Rose surprised them Tuesday evening with a party and presentation of a gift to celebrate their wedding anniversary.

Mrs. M. Beube was hostess at her beach home Wednesday at a supper bridge.

Mrs. I. Blumenthal has left to visit for six weeks in Francis, Man., the guest of her daughter, Mrs. H. Bruner and Dr. Bruner.

Mr. and Mrs. George Goldblatt are summering at Bronte.

Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Goldblatt are summering at Balcaygeon. Mrs. J. Bloom was at home Tuesday last in honor of her mother, Mrs. Woods, of New York.

Mrs. M. Epstein, Miss Gladys Epstein and David are summering at Old Orchard Beach.

A picnic will be given Sunday, August 4th, by the Hamilton Mothers' Club in aid of the Talmud Torah, at Dundurn Park. Everyone welcome

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SUDBURY

The annual picnic under the auspices of the Hebrew Ladies' Auxiliary was held at Cook's Farm Sunday, July 14th. Races were won by the following: six years and under, Ray Moses and Esther Ashyll; seven, eight and nine years, Nima Levine and Irene Simmons; ten, eleven and twelve years, Becky and Anna Magder; thirteen, fourteen and fifteen years, Malca Moses and Lenore Ashyll; young ladies, Ida Moses, Nettie Magdar; married women, Mrs. M. Moses and Mrs. M. Schwartz; boys, six and under, David and Wilfred Magder; seven, eight and nine years, Lily Greenspoon and Jesse Winbell; ten, eleven and twelve years, M. Helper, Harold Goldstein; thirteen, fourteen and fifteen years, Jacob Magder and Wolfe Moses; Young men, Harry Magder and Kenneth Kelman; married men, A. Wagman and M. Levine. Raffles donated by Mrs. H. Valensky and Mrs. A. Wagman were won by Mrs. J. Lesser and Miss Fannie Clement. Mr. and Mrs. J. Lesser and Mrs. H. Ironstone assisted in the refreshment booth. Convenors were Mrs. H. Ironstone and Mrs. H. Moses. Marshmallow roast and dance later at the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. Moses, 175 Spruce Street.

Misses Rita and Beneta Moses, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. H. Moses, who were students at Toronto Normal School for the past year, obtained first class teaching certificates at their recent examinations.

Mrs. S. Winbell is spending the summer months with her sister, Mrs. L. I. Shain, at Old Orchard Beach, Maine.

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St. Catharines, Ont.

St. Catharines Chapter of Hadassah met Monday evening, June 17th, at the club rooms of the synagogue. Reports for year were read by the secretary, Miss Mamie Zalavinsky, and treasurer, Mrs. M. Morris. A presentation of a bouquet of flowers was made by the secretary, Mrs. Max Silman, to the president, Mrs. B. J. Hoffman. Social hour.

Jacob Landau, Managing Director of the Jewish Telegraphic Agency, was received by King Boris of Bulgaria recently. The King expressed interest in the situation of the Jewish people throughout the world and the progress of Zionist work in Palestine.

OSHAWA

Miss Norman Sendenwitz has returned to her home in Toronto after spending a week with her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Schwartz, Oak Street.

Misses Clara Schwartz and Rose Ellios, of Toronto, spent the week-end with their uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Schwartz, Oak Street.

Esser Rabinowitz, founder of the United Hebrew Schools of Detroit, died recently. Aside from his deep interest in Hebrew education, Mr. Rabinowitz was known to be a collector of Hebrew books, his library containing a valuable collection.

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The First Jew in America

By Clarence I. Freed

Who was the first Jew to set foot on American soil? This question has never, to our knowledge, been answered satisfactorily. Perhaps there is no true answer, none that can be proven true beyond the shadow of a doubt. To identify the man who was the first to touch the golden shore of the Western Continent is no easy matter. The doubtful authenticity of past annals renders the quest a long and arduous one. But the honor of having been the first Jew in America undoubtedly belongs to some one, and it should go to the man who appears most deserving of this unique distinction. There must be an answer to this riddle of history. And so I offer the following for what it is worth.

There was a learned doctor of Budapest, M. Kayserling, who received a commission from a group of wealthy American Jews to examine old manuscripts in hidden archives for the purpose of discovering hitherto unknown facts concerning the part that the Jews played in the discovery of the New World. To judge by the book that he wrote as a result of his findings, he made a thorough job of it. The volume was originally brought out in German and then translated into English. The latter version bears the publication date, 1894. It is supplied with copious references pointing to the sources of his authority. And, in the main, this work by Dr. Kayserling can be set down as authentic.

According to the learned doctor of Budapest, the complete list of those who accompanied Columbus on his first voyage is lost. But he ventures to affirm that there were several men of Jewish stock among the crew that sailed with the famous navigator on that memorable trip. He goes even further and mentions five so-called Jews who shared with Columbus the glory of the greatest adventure known in the world's history. So, if we pin our faith on Dr. Kayserling, we have but to choose among the five, and we have our man. Thus, by a simple process of elimination, we may ultimately arrive at a solution.

Now, who were these five and what roles did they play in that memorable expedition? Four of these men emerge as rather vague and shadowy in outline. One of them is Alonso de la Calle, who is described as a former resident of the Jew's Lane, whence his name was derived, and whose death occurred in Hispaniola (Havti), May 23, 1503. Another was Roderigo Sanchez of Segovia, who appears to have been a distinguished personage, being related to the royal treasurer, Gabriel Sanchez, and was prominently identified with the Columbus expedition, having joined it at the "particular request of Queen of Isabella." In truth, a queen's request is as good as a command. Roderigo Sanchez was close to the queen and the Castilian court. Moreover, he was close to Columbus when the latter, on first landing, drew his sword and unfurled the royal standard to the breeze of San Salvador. His name is mentioned in various accounts as among the select few who assembled around Columbus on that memorable first landing.

Two other men of Jewish lineage who sailed with Columbus on his maiden voyage, were Maestre Bernal, a physician, and Marco, a surgeon. Marco can be dismissed as shadowy and undefined. Beyond his name, his profession, and the fact that he was of Jewish blood, the past records appear non-committal. Maestre Bernal, however, is described by Dr. Kayserling as having resided in a place called Tortosa; we learn, moreover, that Bernal had been subjected to a "public menace" as an adherent of Judaism. This public trial took place at Valencia in October, 1490, at the same time that a Jewish married pair, Solomon Andret and wife, suffered death at the stake. After this harrowing experience, it is no wonder that Bernal preferred to throw in his lot with Columbus, come what may.

But of the five crypto-Jews who chose to join the "mad" navigator on his perilous adventure rather than accompany their co-religionists in exile, following the wholesale expulsion of the Jews from Spain on August 2, 1492, the most clearly outlined personality is Luis de Torres. He appears also to have been the most Jewish. In the old histories and records that I have examined, he is definitely described as having been formerly a Jew. Dr. Kayserling speaks of him as having been baptized shortly before Columbus sailed. Washington Irving, in his splendid account of the life of Columbus, refers to him as an Israelite. From all indications, Luis de Torres emerges as the only follower of Columbus. Among those whose names have come down to us, he was undeniably of Jewish blood. The records and past annals refer to him as such, whereas I have failed to note any such identification with regard to the others.

Bulwer-Lytton once wrote that history only preserves the fleshless bones of what we are. Nothing more than the "fleshless bones" of Luis de Torres have been preserved to posterity. It is impossible to conjure up the true spirit of the man; only the bare skeleton and the "mocking skull" remain to show us what manner of a man he was. But this much we know; we get a fuller and a more complete picture of Luis de Torres than we do of any of the other. Dr. M. Kayserling devotes several pages to him and his work, while he refers to the others all too briefly. We are told that Luis de Torres had been in the employ of no less a personage than the governor of Murcia. He appears to

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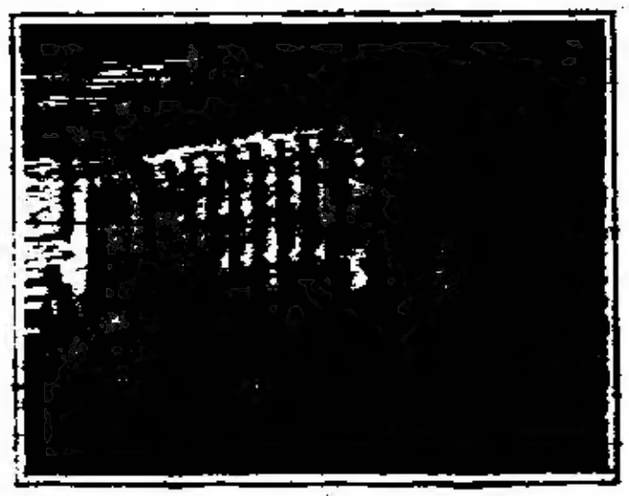

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Kayserling. They remain buried with his bones.

In order to prove that Luis de Torres was no ordinary man and occupied a prominent place in the first expedition of Columbus, we have but to turn to the "Journal of Columbus," which a Spanish historian and contemporary of the famous navigator, Las Casas, prepared for publication from the "Admiral's" original notes. It runs in the form of a diary and records the various incidents of the first trip, on sea and land, from day to day. From this account, all of the later stories and histories have been evolved. So I have gone back to the original as the best source of information.

It is a matter of common knowledge that Columbus reached the end of his first voyage on October 12, 1492, landing on one of the Bahama Islands which he called San Salvador. The exact spot where he first landed still remains in dispute. Columbus fancied that he had reached the eastern coast of Asia and was about to reach the land of fabulous wealth, presided over by the Great Khan. Soon after landing, Columbus set out to penetrate into the interior of the newly discovered territory. By the end of the month, he had reached Cuba. Although he met a race of men who were obviously savage and uncivilized, according to European standards, he persisted in his belief that the vast kingdom of Cathay lay immediately beyond the horizon. Accordingly, he despatched an embassy with letters and rich gifts to carry the message of peace and good will to the Oriental potentate. He entrusted the mission to two ambassadors extraordinary, instructing them to explore the interior of the land and to bring about amicable relations between the Great Khan and the Castilian crown. He sent them forth with rich Indian gifts and his blessing.

Of the two Spanish envoys entrusted with this mission, one was Rodrigo de Jerez of Ayamonte, and the other, Luis de Torres, the Jewish interpreter who could converse in Hebrew, Chaldaic and Arabic. Columbus had instructed them to search for the kingdom of Cathay, and, if they found it, to present the credentials of the Spanish sovereigns to the Great Khan. Columbus had also given them specimens of pearls, gold and spices, which he had found in the new land, and which he hoped would serve as a lure to induce the Great Khan to enter into commercial relations with Spain.

Of the fate of Rodrigo de Jerez, the first envoy to an American court, we know nothing. He disappears from history as soon as he left the shores of Cuba. But of Luis de Torres, the Jewish interpreter, we have a full account. Columbus had instructed them to search for the kingdom of Cathay, and, if they found it, to present the credentials of the Spanish sovereigns to the Great Khan. Columbus had also given them specimens of pearls, gold and spices, which he had found in the new land, and which he hoped would serve as a lure to induce the Great Khan to enter into commercial relations with Spain. Luis de Torres, the Jewish interpreter who could converse in Hebrew, Chaldaic and Arabic. As Washington Irving aptly remarked: "The Israelite, Luis de Torres, found his Hebrew, Chaldaic and Arabic of no avail, and the Levantan (Indian) interpreter had to be the orator." The latter waxed eloquent in explaining to the natives how their new guests lived and conversed themselves. His speech created a wonderful impression. The guests spent an enjoyable week-end amidst native surroundings, and on Monday they had made such progress that Luis de Torres and a companion were despatched with a distance of one hundred leagues.

It was during this journey into the interior of Cuba that the two Spanish envoys encountered natives who had been made acquainted with the habits of white men. These natives were engaged in a ceremony for the first time. For Kayserling tells us that Luis de Torres came upon a native in the act of smoking tobacco. This statement appears somewhat exaggerated because Rodrigo de Jerez must not really have shared in the discovery, as the companion of Luis de Torres on that journey. Besides, now can one say for certain which of the two Spanish envoys was the first. At any rate, Luis de Torres was the first Jew who set foot on American soil. The Jewish character of the first landing of Columbus is further emphasized by the fact that Luis de Torres, the first to set foot on American soil, was a Jew.

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(Continued from last week)

CHAPTER VI

Sometimes we would go to the Jewish theater together, Max, Dora, and I, the children being left at Sadie's house. Once, when Max's lodge had a benefit performance and he had some tickets for sale, we made up a party of five: the two couples and myself. On that occasion I met Jake Mindels at the playhouse. He was now studying medicine at the University Medical College, and it was a considerable time since I had last seen him. To tell the truth, I had avoided meeting him. I hated to stand confessed before him as a traitor to my dreams of a college education, and I begrudged him his medical books.

I took Max and Dora to see an American play. He did not understand much of what he saw and was bored to death. As for her, she took in scarcely more than did her husband, though she understood many of the words she heard, but then she reverently followed the good manners of the "real Americans" on the stage, and the sound of their "educated" English seemed to inspire her with mixed awe and envy.

Once, on a Monday evening, when I called on the Margolises, I found Max out. Dora seemed to be ill at ease in my company, and I did not stay long. It seemed natural to fear that Max, who gave so much attention to the relations between the sexes, should view visits of this kind with misgivings. His playful warnings that we should beware of falling in love with each other seemed to be always in the air, and on that evening when he was away and we found ourselves alone I seemed to hear thrir echo more distinctly than ever. It had a disquieting effect on me, that echo, and I decided never to call unless Max was sure to be at home. I enjoyed their hospitality too much to hazard it rashly. Moreover, Max and Dora lived in peace and I was the last man in the world to wish to disturb it.

To my surprise, however, he did not seem to be jealous of me in the least. Quite the contrary. He encouraged my familiarities with her, so much so that I soon drifted into the habit of addressing her as Dora.

The better I knew her the greater was the respect with which she inspired me. I thought her an unusual woman, and I looked up to her.

It became a most natural thing that I should propose myself as a boarder. Thousands of families like the Margolises kept boarders to lighten the burden of rent-day.

The project had been trailing in my mind for some time, and, I must confess, the fact that Max stayed out till the small hours four or five nights a week had something to do with it.

"You would be alone with her," Satan often whispered.

Still, there was nothing definitely reprehensible in this reflection. It was the prospect of often being decorously alone with a woman who inspired me with respect and interested me more and more keenly that tempted me. Vaguely, however, I had a feeling that I was on the road to falling in love with her.

One evening, as I complained of my restaurant meals and of certain inconveniences of my lodgings, Max said:

"Nothing like being married, Levinsky. Take my advice and get you a nice little wifey. One like mine, for instance."

"Like yours! The trouble is that there is only one such, and you have captured her."

"Don't worry," Dora broke in. "There are plenty of others, and better ones, too."

"I have a scheme," I said, seriously. "Why shouldn't you people let me board with you?"

Natural as the suggestion was, it took them by surprise.

For a second or two Max gazed at his wife with a perplexed air. Then he said:

"That would not be a bad idea. Would it, Dora?"

"I don't know, I am sure," she answered, with a shrug and an embarrassed smile. "We have never kept boarders."

"You will try to keep one now, then," I urged.

"If there were room in the house, I should be glad. Upon my health and strength I should."

"Oh, you can make room," I said.

"Of course you can," Max put in, warming to the plan somewhat. "He could have the children's bedroom, and they could sleep in this room."

She held to her veto.

"Oh, you don't know what an obstinate thing she is," Max said. "Let her say that white is black, and black it must be, even if the world turned upside down."

"What do you want of me?" she protested. "Levinsky may think I really don't care to have him. Let us move to a larger apartment and I'll be but too glad to give him a room."

The upshot was a compromise. For the present I was to content myself with having my luncheons and dinners or suppers at their house, Dora charging me cost price.

"Get him to move to one of those new houses with modern improvements," she said to me, earnestly; "to an apartment of five light rooms, and I shall give you a room at once. The rent would come cheaper than it is now. But Max would rather pay more and have the children grow in these damp rooms than budge."

"Don't bother me. By and by we shall move out of here. All in due time. Don't bother. Meanwhile see that your dinners and suppers are all right. Levinsky thinks you a god cook. Don't disappoint him, then. Don't run away with the idea it's on your own account he wants to board with us. It is on account of your cooking. That's all. Isn't it, Levinsky?"

"It's a good thing to know that I am not a bad cook, at least," she returned.

"But how about the profits you are going to make on him? I'll deduct them from your weekly allowance, you know," he chaffed her.

"Oh no. I am just going to save them and buy a house on Fifth Avenue.

"You ought to allow me ten per cent. for cash," I said.

"She does not want cash," Max replied. "Your note is good enough."

I had been taking my meals with them a little over a month when they moved into a new apartment, with me as their roomer and boarder. The apartment was on the third floor of a corner house on Clinton Street, one of a row of what was then a new type of tenement buildings. It consisted of five rooms and bath, all perfectly light, and it had a tiny private corridor or vestibule, a dumb-waiter, an enameled bath-tub, electric and gas light, and an electric door-bell. There was a rush for these apartments and Dora paid a deposit on the first month's rent before the builder was quite through with his work. My room opened into the vestibule, its window looking out upon a side-street. The rent for the whole apartment was thirty-two dollars, my board being five and a half dollars a week, which was supposed to include a monthly rental of six dollars for my room.

The Shorniks moved into the same house.

CHAPTER VII

My growing interest in Dora burst into flames all at once, as it were. It happened at a moment which is distinctly fixed in my mind. At least I

(Continued on page 19)

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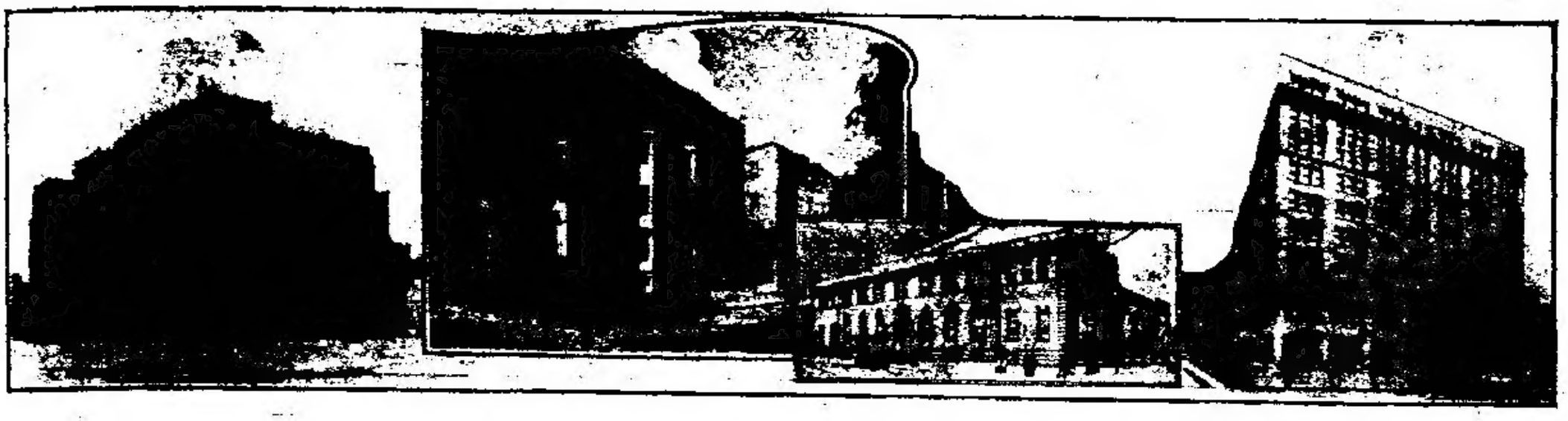

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REALTY NEWS

Fisher & Greenberg Construction Co. sold to A. Forest lot No. 176a-26, Notre Dame de Grace ward, measuring 50¼ by 118 1-6 feet, with buildings No. 545 Old Orchard avenue and 184 to 188 Monkland avenue (apartment buildings), for $81,000.

A. Forest sold to Fisher & Greenberg Construction Co., Ltd., lot No. 176-47, St. Michael ward, measuring 23 9-10 by 101 75-100 feet with buildings Nos. 4,900 to 4906 Hutchison street, for $18,500.

Mrs. D. R. Kerr to Mrs. E. B. Cochran lots Nos. 282-189-2, 282-190-2, 282-191, 282-192, with buildings, bearing the civic number 30, fronting on Bellevue avenue, for $25,000.

The Steel Company of Canada, Limited, have issued a new circular on Stelco New Billet Steel Cut Flooring Nails. Copies are available to Review readers upon request.

I. Finklestein sold to M. Please lot No. 1040, St. Louis ward, with buildings, bearing the civic Nos. 3906, 3908, fronting on St. Dominique street, for $3,425.

I. Shapiro sold to S. Solomon, in trust, lot No. 637-1222, town of Mount Royal, measuring 23 x 88 feet, without buildings and fronting on Dickson avenue, for $200.

Jacobs Investment Corporation sold to J. E. Tremblay, Ltée., lot No. 22-85, City of Outremont, measuring 6,706 feet, without buildings, and fronting on Maplewood avenue, for $6,000.

Miss R. Rosenberg sold to M. Kroftchik lot No. 948-1 St. Louis ward, measuring 20 x 72½ feet, with buildings, bearing the civic Nos. 3665 to 3669, fronting on Colonial avenue, for $2,000.

W. F. Hamilton sold to H. Brontman, southwest part of lot No. 284-9, city of Westmount, measuring 2495 feet, without buildings and fronting on the public road, for $2,495.

M. Kotelansky sold to L. Auger, lot No. 18-469, Maisonneuve ward, measuring 22½ x 78 feet, without buildings and fronting on Orleans street, for $700.

Mrs. R. Saxe sold to I. Weinrauch undivided half of lot No. 35-335, lot 334, City of Outremont, with buildings, Nos. 788, 788a, 788b, fronting on Champagneur avenue, for $8,750.

B. Kaplan Construction Co. Ltd., sold to B. Kaplan lot No. 30-26-1, city of Outremont, measuring 26 x 109 feet, with buildings No. 44 Nelson avenue and No. 365 Villeneuve street, for $17,500.

Samuel Untermyer, who conducted an investigation of building conditions in New York City a few years ago and afterward acted as arbitrator in settling a lage dispute for Westchester County building trade unions, has been asked to act as counsel for the Westchester building unions in an effort to settle a strike which has interfered with work on the Westchester County Community Centre.

Mrs. Aaron Naumburg of New York City has donated $50,000 to the Girls' Home Club which makes the club self-supporting less than a year after it started. The success of the club, according to Mrs. Joseph Stroock, its president and a founder, has led her to plan a series of similar clubs throughout the city. Mrs. Stroock donated the six-story building which is the club's home, and attributed its establishment to the help and inspiration of the late Aaron Naumburg.

Maurice Redmoh of Newark, N.J., won the first prize of $100 with his story entitled "The Schul," submitted in the Short Story Contest of The Jewish Forum magazine; Mrs. Adele Blackman of New York won the second prize of $50 for her story entitled "Rekindled"; and Emanuel Cohen of New York won the third prize of $25 for his story entitled "The Second Generation."

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The Rise of David Levinsky

(Continued from page 9)

distinctly remember the moment when I became conscious of it.

It was on an afternoon, four days after the Margolises had taken possession of the new place. The family was fully established in it, while I had just moved in. I had seen my room, furniture and all, several times before, but I had never seen it absolutely ready for any occupancy as I did now. It was by far the brightest, airiest, best furnished, and neatest room that I had ever had all to myself. Everything in it, from the wall-paper to the little wash-stand, was invitingly new. I can still smell its grateful odor of freshness. When I was left to myself in it for the first time and I shut its door the room appealed to me as a compartment in the nest of a family of which I was a member. My lonely soul had a sense of home and domestic comfort that all but overpowered me. The sight of the new quilt and of the fresh white pillow, coupled with the knowledge that it was Dora whose fingers had prepared it all for me, sent a glow of delight through my heart.

Dora's name was whispering itself in my mind. I paused at the window, an enchanted man.

A few minutes later when I reentered the living-room, where she was counting some freshly ironed napkins, her face seemed to have acquired a new meaning. I felt that a great change had come in my attitude toward her.

"Well, is everything all right?" she inquired.

"First rate," I answered in a voice that sounded unnatural to myself.

Max was fussing with the rug in the parlor. The children were gamboling from room to room, testing the faucets, the dumb-waiter.

"Get away from there!" Dora shouted. "You'll hurt yourself, Max, tell Lucy not to touch the dumb-waiter, will you?"

"Children! Children! What's the matter with you?" he called out from the parlor, in English, with a perfunctory snarl. Presently he came into the living-room. "Well, are you satisfied with your new place?" he addressed me in Yiddish. And for the hundredth time he proceeded to make jokes at the various modern "improvements," at the abundance of light, and at my new rank of "real boarder."

It is one of the old and deep-rooted customs of the Ghetto towns of Europe for a young couple to live with the parents of the bride for a year or two after the wedding. So Max gaily dubbed me in's "boarding son-in-law."

"Try to behave, boarding son-in-law," he bantered me. "If you don't your mother-in-law will starve you."

The pleasantry grated on me.

Dora's ambition to learn to read and spell English was a passion, and the little girl played a more important part in the efforts she made in this direction than Dora was willing to admit. Lucy would tell her the meaning of new words as she had heard it at school, but it often happened that the official definition she quoted was incomprehensible to both. This was apt to irritate Dora or even lead to a disagreeable scene.

If I happened to be around I would explain things to her, but she seemed to accept my explanations with a grain of salt. She bowed before my intellectual status in a general way, but since she had good reason to doubt the quality of my English enunciation, she doubted my Yiddish interpretations as well. Indeed, she doubted everything that did not bear the indorsement of Lucy's school. Whatever came from that sacred source was "real Yankee"; everything else was "green horn." If she failed to grasp some of the things that Lucy brought back from school, she would blame it on the child.

"Oh, you didn't understand what your teacher said," she would scold her. "You must have twisted it all up, you stupid."

One afternoon, when business was slow and there did not seem to be anything to preclude my staying at home and breathing the air that Dora breathed, I witnessed a painful scene between them. It was soon after Lucy returned from school. Her mother wanted her to go over her last reading-lesson with her, and the child would not do so, pleading a desire to call on Beckie.

"Stay where you are and open your reader," Dora commanded.

Lucy obeyed, whimperingly.

"Read!"

"I want to go to Beckie."

Read, I say." And she slapped her hand.

"Don't I remonstrated. "Let the poor child go enjoy herself." But it only spoiled matters.

"Read!" she went on, with grim composure, hitting her on the shoulder.

"I don't want to! I want to go down-stairs," Lucy sobbed, defiantly.

"Read!" And once more she hit her.

My heart went out to the child, but I dared not intercede again.

Dora did not relent until Lucy yielded, sobbingly.

I left the room in disgust. The scene preyed upon my mind all that afternoon. I remained in by room until supper-time. Then I found Dora taciturn and downcast and I noticed that she treated Lucy with exceptional, though undemonstrative, tenderness.

"Must have given her a licking," Max explained to me, with a wink.

I kept my counsel.

She beat her quite often, sometimes violently, each scene of this kind being followed by hours of bitter remorse on her part. Her devotion to her children was above that of the average mother. Lucy had been going to school for over two years, yet she missed her every morning as though she were away to another city; and when the litle girl came back, Dora's face would brighten, as if a flood of new sunshine had burst into the house.

On one occasion there was a quarrel between mother and daughter over the result of a spelling-match between them which I had umpired and which Lucy had won. Dora took her defeat so hard that she was dejected all that evening.

I have said that despite her passionate devotion to Lucy she was jealous of her. She was jealous not only of the school education she was receiving, but also of her American birth.

She was feverishly ambitious to bring up her children in the "real American style," and the realization of her helplessness in this direction caused her many a pang of despair. She was thirstily seeking for information on the subject of table manners, and whatever knowledge she possessed of it she would practise, and make Lucy practise, with amusing pomp and circumstance.

"Don't reach out for the herring, Lucy!" she would say, sternly. "How many times must I tell you about it? What do you say?"

"Pass me the herring, mamma, please."

"Not 'mamma.'"

"Pass me the herring, mother, please."

The herring is passed with what Dora regards as a ladylike gesture.

"Thank you, ma'am," says Lucy.

"There is another way," Dora might add in a case of this kind. "Instead of saying, 'Pass me the herring or the butter,' you can say—What is it, Lucy?"

"May I trouble you for the herring, mother?"

I asked her to keep track of my table etiquette, too, and she did. Whenever I made a break she would correct my error solemnly, or with a burst of merriment, or with a scandalized air, as if she had caught me in the act of committing a felony. This was her revenge for my general intellectual superiority, which she could not help admitting and envying.

"You just let her teach you and she will make a man of you," Max would say to me.

Sometimes, when I mispronounced an English word with which she happened to be familiar, or uttered an

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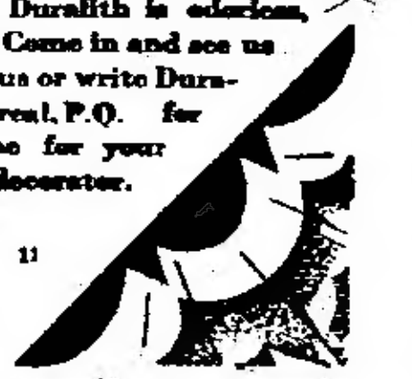

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English phrase in my Talmudic singsong, she would mock me gloatingly. On one such occasion I felt the sting of her triumph so keenly that I hastened to lower her crest by pointing out that she had said "nice" where "nicely" was in order.

"What do you mean?" she asked, perplexedly.

My reply was an ostentatious discourse on adjectives and adverbs, something which I knew now to be utterly beyond her depth. It had the intended effect. She listened to my explanation stupidly, and when I had finished she said with resignation:

"I don't understand what you say. I wish I had time to go to evening school, at least, as you did. I haven't any idea of these things. Lucy will be educated for both of us, for herself and for her poor mamma. If my mother had understood as much as I do it would have been different." She uttered a sigh fell silent, and then resumed; "But I can't complain of my mother, either. She was a diamond of a woman, and she was wise as daylight. But Russia is not America. No, I can't complain of my parents. My father was a poor man, but ask Max or some of our fellow-townspeople and they will tell you what a fine name he had."

She was talkative and somewhat boastful like the average woman of her class, but there was about her an elusive effect of reserve and earnestness that kept me at a distance from her. Moreover, the tireless assiduity and precision which she brought to her housework and, above all, the grim passion of her intellectual struggles created an atmosphere of physical and spiritual tidiness about her that inspired me with something like reverence. Living in that atmosphere seemed to be making a better man of me.

Atempting a lark with her, as I had done with Mrs. Diestog and Mrs. Levinsky, my first two landladies in New York, was out of the question.

Needless to explain that this respectful distance did not prevent my eyes and ears from feasting upon her luxurious complexion, her clear, honest voice, and all else that made me feel both happy and forlorn in her company. Nor would she, aware as she undoubtedly was of the meaning of my look or smile, hesitate to respond to them by some legitimate bit of roquetry. In short, we often held converse in that language of smiles, glances, blushes, pauses, gestures, which is the gesture-language of sex across the barrier of decorum.

These speechless flirtations cost me many an hour which I should have otherwise spent at my shop or soliciting trade. When away from the magnetic force of her presence I would attend to business with unabated intensity. Her image visited my brain often, but it did not disturb me. Rather, it was the image of some customer or creditor or of some new style of jacket or cloak that would interfere with my peace of mind. My brain was full of prices, bills, notes, checks, fabrics, color effects, "lines." Not infrequently, while walking in the street or sitting in a streetcar, I would catch myself describing some of those garment lines in the air.

And yet, through all these preoccupations I seemed to be constantly aware that something unusual had happened to me, giving me a novel tinge to my being; that I was a changed man.

CHAPTER VIII

Max saw nothing.

His wife was a very womanly woman with a splendid, almost a gorgeous snow-white womanly complexion, and I was a young man in whom, according to his own dictum, women ought to be interested; yet he never seemed to feel anything like apprehension about us. This man who plumed himself upon his knowledge of women and love and who actually had a great deal of insight in these matters, this man, I say, was absolutely blind to his wife's power over me. He suspected every man and every woman under the sun, yet he was the least jealous of men so far as his wife was concerned, though he loved and was proud of her. From time to time he would chaff Dora and myself on the danger of our falling in love with each other, but that was never more than a joke, and, at any rate, I heard it from him far less often than that other joke of his—about my being his and Dora's son-in-law.

"Look out, mother-in-law," he would say to her. "If you don't treat your son-in-law right, you'll lose him."

I have said that he was proud of her. One evening, while she stood on a chair struggling with a recalcitrant window-shade, he drew my attention to her efforts admiringly.

"Look at her!" he said under his breath. "Another woman would make her husband do it. Not she. I can't kick. She is not a lazy slob, is she?"

"Certainly not," I asserted.

We watched her take the shade down, wind up the spring, fit the pins back into their sockets, and then test the flap. It was in good working order now.

"No, she is not a slob," he repeated, exultantly. "And she is not a gossiping sort, either. She just minds her own business."

At this point Dora came over to

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OUR CHILDREN

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Pola Faerman, age three, daughter of Mr. and Mrs Oscar Faerman, 660 McEachran Avenue, Photo taken at the age of two years by Benjamin Ritz, 627 Boardwalk Atlantic City, N. J.

the table where we sat.

"Move along!" he said gaily. "Don't disturb us. I am telling Levinsky what a bad girl you are. Run along."

She gave us a sly side glance like Rose that had carried the first germ of disquiet into my soul, and moved away.

"No, she is no slob, thank God," he assumed. He boasted of her tidiness and of the way she had picked up her English and learned to read and spell with Little Lucy for her teacher. He depicted the tenacity and unflagging ardor with which she had carried on her social pursuits ever since Lucy began to go to school. "Once she makes up her mind to do something she will stick to it, even if the world went under. That's the kind of woman she is.

And she is no mean, foxy thing, either. When she says something you may be sure she means it, if I do say so. You ought to know her by this time. Have you ever heard her say things that are not so? Or have you heard her talk about the neighbors as other women often will do? Have you, now? Just tell me," he pressed me.

"Of course I have not," I answered awkwardly. "There are not many women like her."

"I know there are not. And, well, if she is not devoted to her hubby, I don't know who is," he added, sheepishly.

CHAPTER IX

It was during this period that I received my first baptism of dismay as patron of a high-class restaurant. The occasion was a lunch to which I had invited a buyer from Philadelphia. The word "lunch" had a bewitching sound for me, inspiring me with awe and enthusiasm at once. The word "tang" certainly did not mean so much to me. The august person to whom I was doing homage on the occasion in question was a man named Charles M. Eaton, a full-blooded Anglo-Saxon of New England origin, with a huge bony forehead and small, blue, extremely genial eyes. He was a large, well-proportioned man, and the way his ruddy little eyes peered from under his tremendous forehead, like two warm suns up in the mists from under the eaves of a roof, gave him a striking appearance. The immense restaurant, with its high ceiling, its rows and rows of tables, the crowd of well-dressed customers, the glint and flash of knives and forks, the white-robed backs of the waiters, and the imposing black-and-white figures of the waiters struck terror into my Antomir heart. The bill of fare was, of course, Chinese to me, though I made a pretense of reading it. The words swam before me. My inside pocket contained sufficient money to foot the most extravagant bill our lordly waiter was likely to present, but I was in constant dread lest my treasure disappear in some mysterious way; so, from time to time, I felt my breast to ascertain whether it was still there.

The worst part of it all was that I had not the least idea what I was to say or do. The occasion seemed to call for a sort of table manners which were beyond the resources not only of a poor novice like myself, but also of a trained specialist like Dora.

Finally my instinct of self-preservation whispered in my ear, "Make a clean breast of it." And so, dropping the bill of fare with an air of mock despair, I said, jovially:

"I'm afraid you'll have to tell me what to do, Mr. Eaton. It's no use bluffing. I have never been in such a fine restaurant in my life. I am scared to death, Mr. Eaton. Take pity."

The Philadelphian, who was a slow-spoken, slow-witted, though shrewd, man, was perplexed at first.

"I see," he said, coloring, and looking confusedly at me.

The next minute he seemed to realize the situation and to enjoy it, too, but even then he was apparently embarrassed. I cracked another joke or two at my own expense, until finally he burst into a hearty laugh and cheerfully agreed to act as master of ceremonies. Not only did he do the ordering, explaining things to me when the waiter was not around, but he also showed me how to use my napkin, how to eat the soup, the fish, the meat, what to do with the finger-bowl, and so forth and so on, to the minutest detail.

"I am afraid one lesson won't be enough," I said. "You must give me another chance."

"With pleasure," he replied. "Only the next lesson will be on me." And then he had to tell me what "on me" meant.

He took a fancy to me and that meant orders, not only from him, but also from some people of his acquaintance, buyers from other towns.

I sought to dress like a genteel American, my favorite color for clothes and hat being and still is dark brown. It became my dark hair well, I thought. The difference between taste and vulgar ostentation was coming slowly, but surely. I hope I remember the passionate efforts I made to learn to tie a four-in-hand cravat, then a

(Continued on page 18)

WHAT THE CHILDREN SAY

Subscribers of the CANADIAN JEWISH REVIEW are invited to send in little stories about their youngsters or children they know, what they say and do in interesting situations. Write down what your little one said to-day and mail it to the What-the-Children-Say Editor, REVIEW office, in Toronto or Montreal. Give the child's full name, age, address and the name of his parents. One dollar will be paid for every story printed.

Betta Zamosky, nine-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. Zamosky, 22 Kensington Avenue, Toronto, was one day sitting on the verandah pulling the rubber plant leaves. "What are you doing?" her mother asked, "trying to tear the rubber plant leaves?" "No," answered Betty "but if this is a rubber plant, why don't the leaves stretch?"

A Romantic Biographer

By Dr. Isacque Graeber

Many old landmarks disappear. ...ere is no political principle; no religious dogma; no social tradition; no ...al conventions that are not called question.

We are powerless to resist the flood ...change. The spectator of the present ...era who is an atom in the whirl ...conflicting tendencies seeks to adapt himself to "new" systems of ...ety, new methods of thought. It ...upon the foundation laid by the ...er and thinker that the present ...eration is building and must continue to build a new "Guide to the ...pplexed."

The Jews have in every country of ...e been prominently represented ...ave this age "from futility and ...ss."

In England, Sir Robert Lee (now ...d) and Philip Guedalla, in Ger...ny, Emil Ludwig, and in France, ...dre Maurois (alias Herzog), have ...n responsible for introducing a ...sort of biography which the age ...ally demands. The term method ...acterized by Taine "as a new ...ion of writing history." And as present example, we have Andre ...rois.

Different histories and biographies, ...from time to time so contradict each other in their records of ...ts and given such irreconcilable ...and good characters, that one is surprised to learn that we can ...no more trust in our biographers ...in our historians.

...uch one might subject as much ...ding, now M. Andre Maurois, ...e brilliant biographies of Shelley ...Disraeli have proved him a master ...in this branch of literature, comes ...confirm our suspicion.

Andre Maurois, whose real name ...Herzog, was born near Rouen, in ...mandy, in 1885. He belongs to an Alsatian-Jewish family Herzog ...an in the financial and business ...l. He studied at the University ...Rouen, where he took his degree ...History and Philosophy. Since ...ned to a renowned manufacturing ...family, he was obliged to enter ...father's spinning and weaving ...ness.

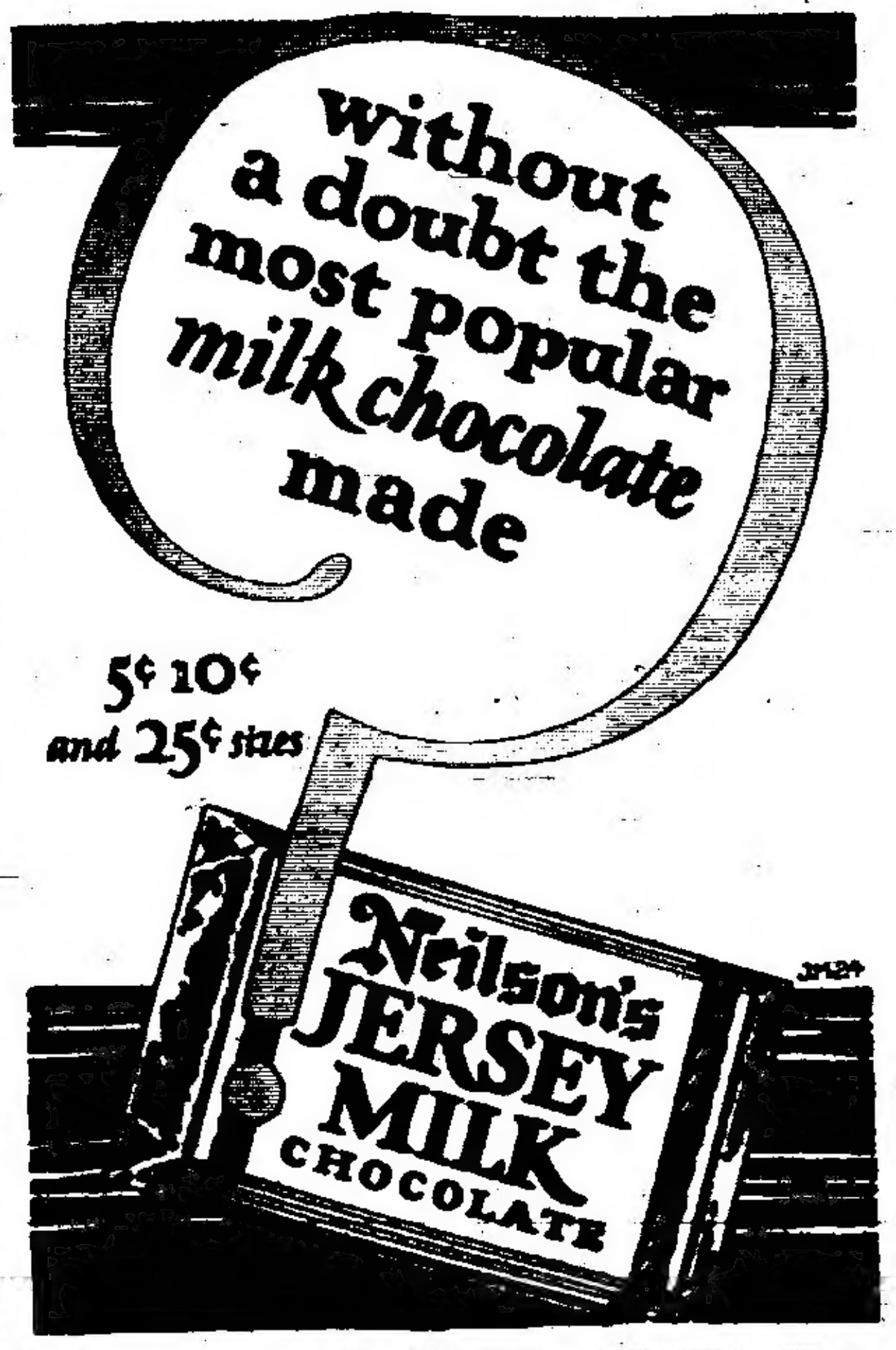
...was the war that gave M. Mau... the chance that he had been ...ing for from boyhood on. Deeply ...d in English literature as he was, ...d always been his ambition to ...me a writer, but for twelve years ...d devoted himself to his factory. ...composing in his leisure books ...h he never dared to submit to a ...lisher. Owing to his knowledge of ...lish, he was appointed liaison ...r to Scottish Division during the ...; and it was his experiences in British mess that led to the creation of that unforgettable trio, the ...Colonel Bramble, the imperturbable, philosophic Irish Dr O'Gra... and the Scotch Padre of exquisite dry humor, who by their conversation and behavior were made to ...mize all the virtues and failings ...the British race.

Maurois sadly acknowledges ...to look for truth in biography ...autobiography is to look for what ...there. The autobiographer, he ...s, for one thing forgets a great ...especially about his early years. ...Another, he wants to make the ...y of his life a work of art and ...keep it within reasonable limits ...compelled to omit incidents that ...seem trivial to him and yet are important in their implications of ...temperament or character. Again, the autobiographer has his own idea of himself and, his memories being colored by it, he may be striving in what he writes, quite ingeniously and honestly, to convey that idea to the reader and his idea of himself may be an entirely mistaken one.

Biography then is, as Herr Ludwig, M. Maurois and Philip Guedalla demonstrate, even more unsatisfactory. For there, as often as not, you have a literary gentleman, with a strong-minded faith in his own powers of deduction, painting the portrait of somebody he has never seen. If he is not doing it too late in the day, he is able to collect from surviving relatives and personal friends of the great man a lot of interesting, though contradictory, accounts of his appearance, habits, tastes, virtues, vices; and the fact that he seems to have possessed a larger and more discordant variety of moral and mental qualities than are commonly found operating side by side in any one human system, only whets the biographer's zest by convincing him that he has to deal with a singularly complex personality to the revelation of which he may bring with credit all his psychological insight, his devastating Freudian philosophy and those judicial and imaginative gifts which qualify him to weigh evidence and assess its value.

All things considered, M. Maurois believes that it is possible to get more truth into biography written in novel form. The biographer must be prepared to supply from his own imagination every conjecture, deduction or amplification he may venture to make, but the novelist is hampered by no such restriction. He can allow his mind and imagination to range over his materials, form his own impressions from them and recreate the man's character and the story of his career with a free hand. He may even heighten the realism, intensify the vitality of his work by replacing in telling it events, conversations or knowledge which in fact may have taken place between one hero and the other persons at certain stages of his narrative. And what biographer remembers how much of our time we all spend in talking. There is no denying that the quality of dialogue is in itself of the utmost importance. It is in the impossibility of attaining to a scientific exactness of the inner life and the outward that the inferiority of biography to the novel lies, as M. Maurois. Yet it would seem that in the writing of a true picture appearance of truth be worth grasping, that it is the sense of a final effect of truth in a biography

M. Maurois [illegible] as depicted in three periods. He [illegible] best at 35-40. M. Maurois has applied the method of psychoanalysis to treating Disraeli, the Jew who, feeling oppressed religiously and socially, labored under an inferiority complex which complex later compensated itself in the world greatest Semite statesman. Maurois tells [illegible] the imagination yet [illegible] to facts. Maurois [illegible] style is the [illegible] of a Disraeli is superbly done. It is in its vivid [illegible]. It possesses a polished style and is of a [illegible] readable. It is the most finished portrait, and which may stand as a model



biography.

Maurois is the [illegible] of "Ariel," a biography of Shelley. For the first time we see Shelley as he was, not [illegible] and [illegible] alized, but through the eyes of a writer [illegible] the poet. "Ariel" is somewhat [illegible] of Shelley that was [illegible]

Maurois approached [illegible] kind of character [illegible] man of thought [illegible] By his [illegible] [illegible] these energies and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] expression [illegible] living [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Every Friday

This summer has seen three rabbinical conferences which supply food for thought. One was the Central Conference of American Rabbis (Reform), one was the Rabbinical Assembly, and the third was the Conference of Anglo-Jewish Preachers in London, England.

At the first one held in Detroit in June, Dr. H. G. Enelow, rabbi of Temple Emanu-El, New York, gave a presidential message in which he explained again the position of Reform Judaism with regard to Zionism. He was opposed to attempts to represent Palestine as the only homeland of the modern Jews. He favored the restoration of Palestine as a home for such Jews as may live there. He urged the disentanglement of the Jewish Agency from all political connections. That Reform Judaism cannot agree with the new Palestinianism has been said before and a logical explanation has been given many times. Re-iteration of this stand, therefore, shows how important the question is to the leaders of Reform Jewry and how anxious they are for an understanding of their view on the part of the protagonists of the new Palestinianism who, in ire and hostility, are often too excited to care whether or not Reform Judaism can justify its attitude.

Rabbi Enelow said that Reform Judaism could not accept the assertion of the Zionists that the Jews are a separate nation whose proper homeland is Palestine. It rejects the attempt to depict Palestine as the only place where a wholesome Jewish life might be lived and developed. It could not accept the proposition that Palestine alone can serve as the spiritual center for world Jewry and as a seat of Jewish authority. These representations are rejected by Reform Judaism not out of wilfulness as the Zionists imagine, but because they are contrary to the convictions upon which Reform Judaism is based. Rabbi Enelow said: "We do not believe, as did some of our primeval predecessors, that to live outside Palestine means to be without God. We do not believe that outside Palestine the God of Israel lives the life of an emigré deity and the Jews are nothing but an uprooted people, a race of expatriates and nomads, as some of our nationalistic phrase-artists are teaching our non-Jewish reviewers to regard us. We do not believe that being taken back to Palestine by a Messiah is likely to form the culmination of Jewish history." However, Rabbi Enelow added, Reform Judaism cherishes an affection for Palestine and looks with favor upon the Jewish Agency, enlarged to embrace Jewish non-nationalists and to accommodate a variety of Jewish views, so long as it is non-political, non-partisan and free from the entanglements of politics.

At the Rabbinical Conference held in Long Branch, N.J., in July, the outstanding paper was "The Menace of Secularization" in which Rabbi Israel Goldstein, of New York, explained recent developments in synagogue life. He said that a menace threatens to drive out the Jewish God-idea from the synagogue and introduce a confusion unparalleled so far in Jewish religious life. He lays the blame upon a presumptious lay leadership, over-reaching building ambition, the institution of the synagogue center, secular Zionism, secular sermons and cantatas, social distinction in the pew, Babbittry in the pulpit and apotheosis of charity. Rabbi Goldstein said that "the authority and position of the rabbi is being menaced by the type of Jewish layman, product of this golden age, who believes that the hand which holds the purse strings rules the world." He cited the reversal of many Reform Jewish leaders on the question of Zionism. They had hurled thunderbolts at Zionism for a generation. Then when prominent Reform laymen became convinced of the claims of Palestine their rabbis followed their lead instead of the laity following the lead of the rabbis. Rabbi Goldstein criticized the tendency in some synagogue circles to dethrone Israel's classic God. He said that the danger of worshipping words and phrases arises when God is identified with Israel or with humanity and there is nothing left to pray to except an idea. He warned that "belief in God will die out when the conviction of his immediate, personal, transcendant reality dies out."

Judging from an article in the *London Jewish Chronicle*, the Conference of Anglo-Jewish Preachers did nothing to redeem itself from the spiritual sterility which marks it every other year. Conventions of American rabbis usually deal with practical problems of Jewry. The assemblies of the Anglo-Jewish preachers are utilized in academic exhibitions of smart "pilpulism" and the manifestation of mere book knowledge. The programme of this recent conference indicated no intention to present papers dealing with the living questions bearing upon modern life in Judaism. The English rabbis find it more suitable to their position to go on wordy, academic discussion while the same problems face their people as face American Jewry. In this country the rabbinate is more alive than that.

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AUGUST 2, 1929 VOLUME X, NUMBER 4

The Rise of David Levinsky

(Continued from page 12)

recent invention. I was forever watching and striving to imitate the dress and the ways of the well-bred American merchants with whom I was, or trying to be, thrown. All this, I felt, was an essential element in achieving business success; but the ambition to act and look like a gentleman grew in me quite apart from these motives.

Now, Dora seemed to notice these things in me, and to like them. So I would parade my newly acquired manners before her as I did my neckties or my English vocabulary.

After that lecture I gave her on adverbs she no longer called my English in question. To be educated and an "American lady" had, thanks to Lucy's influence become the great passion of her life. It almost amounted to an obsession. She thought me educated and a good deal of an American, so she looked up to me and would listen to my harangues reverently.

CHAPTER X

One Saturday evening she said to me: "Lord! you are so educated. I wish I had a head like yours."

"Why, you have an excellent head, Dora," I replied. "You have no reason to complain."

She sighed.

"I wish I had not gone into business," I resumed.

I had already told her, more than once, in fact, how I had been about to enter college when an accident had led me astray; so I now referred to those events, dwelling regretfully upon the sudden change I had made in my life plans.

"It was the devil that put it in my head to become a manufacturer," I said, bitterly, yet with relish in the "manufacturer."

"Well, one can be a manufacturer and educated man at the same time," she consoled me.

"Of course. That's exactly what I always say," I returned, joyously. "Still, I wish I had stuck to my original plan. There was a lady in Antomir who advised me to prepare for college. She was always speaking to me about it."

It was about 10 o'clock. Max was away to his dancing-schools. The children were asleep. We were alone in the living-room.

I expected her to ask who that Antomir lady was, but she did not, so I went on speaking of Matilda of my own accord. I sketched her as an "aristocratic" young woman, the daughter of one of the leading families in town, accomplished, clever, pretty, and "modern."

"It was she, in fact, who got me the money for my trip to America," I said, lowering my voice, as one will when a conversation assumes an intimate character.

"Was it?" Dora said, also in a low voice.

"Yes. It is a long story. It is nearly five years since I left home, but I still think of it a good deal. Sometimes I feel as if my heart would snap unless I had somebody to tell about it."

This was my way of drawing Dora into a flirtation, my first attempt in that direction, though in my heart I had been making love to her for weeks.

I told her the story of my acquaintance with Matilda. She listened with non-committal interest, with an amused, ironizing glimmer of a smile.

"You did not fall in love with her, did you?" she quizzed me as she might Lucy.

"That's the worst part of it," I said, gravely.

"Is it?" she asked, still gaily, but with frank interest now.

I recounted the episode at length. To put it in plain English, I was using my affair with Matilda (or shall I say her affair with me?) as a basis for an adventure with Dora. At first I took pains to gloss over those details in which I had cut an undignified figure, but I soon dropped all embellishments. The episode stood out so bold in my memory, its appeal to my imagination was so poignant, that I found an intoxicating satisfaction in conveying the facts as faithfully as I knew how. To be telling a complete, unvarnished truth is in itself a pleasure. It is as though there were a special sense of truth and sincerity in our make-up (just as there is a sense of musical harmony, for example), and the gratification of it were a source of delight.

Nor was this my only motive for telling Dora all. I had long since realized that the disdain and mockery with which Matilda handled me had been but a cloak for her interest in my person. So when I was relating to Dora the scenes of my ignominy I felt that the piquant circumstances surrounding them were not unfavorable to me.

Anyhow, I was having a singularly intimate talk with Dora and she was listening with the profoundest interest, all the little tricks she employed to disguise it notwithstanding.

In depicting the scene of the memorable night when Matilda came to talk to me at my bedside I emphasised the fact that she had called me a ninny.

"I did not know what she meant," I said.

Dora tittered, looking at the floor shamefacedly. "The nasty thing!" she said.

"What do you mean?" I inquired, dishonestly.

"I mean just what I say. She is a nasty thing, that grand lady of yours." And she added another word—the East Side name for a woman of the streets—that gave me a shock.

"Don't call her that," I entreated. "You don't. You are mistaken about her. I assure you she is a highly respectable lady. She has a heart of gold," I added, irrelevantly.

"Well, well! You are still in love with her, aren't you?"

I was tempted to say: "No. It is you I now love." But I merely said, dolefully: "No. Not any more."

She contemplated me amusedly and broke into a soft laugh.

The next time we were alone in the house I came back to it. I added some details. I found a lascivious interest in dwelling on our passionate kisses, Matilda's and mine. Also, it gave me morbid pleasure to have her behold me at Matilda's feet, lovelorn, disdained, crushed, yet coveted, kissed, triumphant.

Dora listened intently. She strove to keep up an amused air, as though listening to some childish nonsense, but the look of her eye, tense or flinching, and the warm color that often overspread her cheeks, betrayed her.

CHAPTER XI

We talked about my first love-affair for weeks. She asked me many questions about Matilda, mostly with that pretended air of amused curiosity. Every time I had something good to say about Matilda she would assail her brutally.

The fact that Dora never referred to my story in the presence of her husband was a tacit confession that we had a secret from him. Outwardly it meant that the secret was mine, not hers; that she had nothing to do with it; but then there was another secret—the fact that she was my sole confidante in a matter of this nature—and this secret was ours in common.

On one occasion, in the course of one of these confabs of ours, she said, with ill-concealed malice:

"Do you think she cared for you? Not that much," marking off the tip of her little finger.

"Why should you say that? Why should you hurt my feelings?" I protested.

"It still hurts your feelings, then, does it? There is a faithful lover for you! But what would you have me say? That she loved you as much as you loved her?"

At this Dora jerked her head backward, with a laugh that rang so charmingly false and so virulent that I was impelled both to slap her face and to kiss it.

"But tell me," she said, with a sudden affectation of sedate curiosity, "was she really so beautiful?"

"I never said she was 'so beautiful,' did I? You are far more beautiful than she."

"Oh, stop joking, please! Can't you answer seriously?"

"I really mean it."

"Mean what?"

"That you are prettier than Matilda."

"Is that the way you are faithful to her?"

"Oh, that was five years ago. Now

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there is somebody else I am faithful to."

She was silent. Her cheeks glowed.

"Why don't you ask who that somebody is?"

"Because I don't care. What do I care? And please don't talk like that. I mean what I say. You must promise me never to talk like that," she said, gravely.

During the following few days Dora firmly barred all more or less intimate conversation. She treated me with her usual friendly familiarity, but there was something new in her demeanor, something that seemed to say, "I don't deny that I enjoy our talks, but that's all the more reason why you must behave yourself."

The story of my childhood seemed legitimate enough, so she let me tell her bits of it, and before she was aware of it she was following my childish love affair with the daughter of one of my despotic school teachers, my struggles with Satan, and my early dreams of marriage. Gradually she let me draw her out concerning her own past.

One evening, while Lucy was playing school teacher, with Dannie for the class, Dora told me of an episode connected with her betrothal to Max.

"Was that a love match?" I asked, with casual air, when she had finished.

She winced. "What difference does it make?" she said, with an annoyed look. "We were engaged as most couples are engaged. Much I knew of the love business in those days."

"You speak as though you married when you were a mere baby. You certainly knew how you felt toward him."

"I don't think I felt anything," she answered.

"Still," I insisted. "You said to yourself, 'This man is going to be my husband; he will kiss me, embrace me.' How did you feel then?"

"You want to know too much, Levinsky," she said, coloring. "You know the saying, 'If you know too much you get old too quick.' Well, I don't think I gave him any thought at all. I was too busy thinking of the wedding and of the pretty dress they were making for me. Besides, I was so rattled and so shy. Much I understood. I was not quite nineteen."

It called to my mind that in the excitement following my mother's death I was so overwhelmed by the attentions showered on me that it was a day or two before I realized the magnitude of my calamity.

"Anyhow, you certainly knew that marriage is the most serious thing in life," I persisted.

"Oh, I don't think I knew much of anything."

"And after the wedding?"

"After the wedding I knew that I was a married woman and must be contented," she parried.

"But this is not love," I pressed her.

"Oh, let us not talk of these things, pray! Don't ask me questions like that," she said in a low, entreating voice. "It isn't right."

"I don't know if it is right or wrong," I replied, also in a low voice. "All I know is that I am interested in everything that ever happened to you."

Silence fell. She was the first to speak. She tried to talk of trivialities. I scarcely listened. She broke off again.

"Dora!" I said, anxiously. "My next a question."

"Don't!" she whispered, with a gesture of pained supplication. "Talk of something else, pray!"

"I can't. I can't talk of anything else but that of anything else, either."

"You mustn't, you mustn't, you mustn't!" she said, with sudden vehemence, though still with a beseeching ring in her voice. "I won't let you. May I not live to see my children again if I will. Do you hear, Levinsky? Do you hear? Do you hear? I want you to understand it. Be a man. Have a heart, Levinsky. You must behave yourself. If you don't you'll have to move. There can't be any other way about it. If you are a real friend of mine, not an enemy, you must behave yourself." She spoke with deep, solemn earnestness, somewhat in the singsong of a woman reading the Yiddish Commentary on the Five Books of Moses or wailing over a grave. She went on: "Why should you vex me? You are a respectable man. You don't want to do what is wrong. You don't want to make me miserable, do you? So be good, Levinsky. I beg of you. I beg of you. Be good. Be good. Let us never have another talk like this. Do you promise?"

I was silent.

"Do you promise, Levinsky? You must. You must. Do you promise me never to come back to this kind of talk?"

"I do," I said, like a guilty school boy.

She was terribly in earnest. She almost broke my heart. I could not thwart her will.

She was in love with me.

Days passed. There was no lack of unspoken tenderness between us. That she was tremulously glad to see me every time I came home was quite obvious, but she bore herself in such a manner that I never ventured to allude to my feeling, much less to touch her hand or sit close to her.

"It is as well that I should not," I often said to myself. "Am I not happy as it is? Is it not bliss enough to have a home—her home? It would be too awful to forfeit it." I registered a vow to live up to the promise she had exacted from me, but I knew that I would break it.

She was in love with me. She had an iron will, but I hoped that this, too, would soon be broken.

There were moments when I would work myself up to an exalted, religious kind of mood over it. "I should be a vile creature if I interfered with the peace of this house," I would exhort myself, passionately. "Max has been a warm friend to me. Oh, I will be good."

Dora talked less than usual. She, too, seemed to be a changed person. She was particularly taciturn when we happened to be alone in the house, and then it would be difficult for us to look each other in the face. Such tête-à-têtes occurred once or twice a week, quite late in the evening. I was very busy at the shop and I could never leave it before 10, 11, or even 12, except on Sabbath eve (Friday night), when it was closed. On those evenings when Max stayed out very late I usually found her alone in the little dining-room, sewing, mending, or—more often—poring over Lucy's school reader or storybook.

After exchanging a few perfunctory sentences with her, each of us aware of the other's embarrassment, I would take a seat a considerable distance from her and take up a newspaper or clipping from one, while she went on with her work or reading. Lucy had begun to take juvenile books out of the circulating library of the Educational Alliance, so her mother would read them also. The words were all short and simple and Dora had not much difficulty in deciphering their meaning. Anyhow, she now never sought my assistance for her reading. I can still see her seated at the table, a considerable distance from me, moving her head from word to word and from line to line, and silently working her lips, as though muttering an incantation. I would do her all sorts of little services (though she never asked for any), all silently, softly, as if performing a religious rite.

I have said that on such occasions I would read my newspaper or some clipping from it. In truth I read little else in those days. Editorials of the daily press interested me as much as the most sensational news, and if some of the more important leading articles in my paper had to be left unread on the day of their publication I would clip them and glance them over at the next leisure moment, sometimes days later.

The financial column was followed by me with a sense of being a member of a caste for which it was especially intended, to the exclusion of the rest of the world. At first the jargon of that column made me feel as though I had never learned any English at all. But I was making headway in the jargon, too, and when I struck a recalcitrant sentence I would cut the few lines out and put them in my pocket, on the chance of coming across somebody who could interpret them for me. Often, too, I would clip and put away a paragraph containing some curious piece of information or a bit of English that was an addition to my knowledge of the language. My inside pocket was always full of all sorts of clippings.

CHAPTER XII

It was about this time that I found myself confronted with an unsuspected source of anxiety in my business affairs. There were several circumstances that made it possible for a financial midget like myself to outbid the lions of the cloak-and-suit industry. Now, however, a new circumstance arose which threatened to rob me of my chief advantage and to undermine the very foundation of my future.

The rent of my loft, which was in the slums, was, comparatively speaking, a mere trifle, while my overhead expense amounted to scarcely anything at all. I did my own bookkeeping, and a thirteen-year-old girl, American-born, school-bred, and bright, whose bewigged mother was one of my finishers, took care of the shop while I was out, helped me with my mail, and sewed on buttons between-whiles—all for four dollars a week. Another finisher, a young widow, saved me the expense of a figure woman. To which should be added that I did business on a profit margin far beneath the consideration of the well-known firms. All this, however, does not include the most important of all the items that gave me an advantage over the princes of the trade. That was cheap labor.

Three of my men were excellent tailors. They could have easily procured employment in some of the largest factories, where they would have been paid at least twice as much as I paid them. They were bewhiskered, elderly people, strictly orthodox and extremely old-fashioned as to dress and habits. They felt perfectly at home in my shop, and would rather work for me and be underpaid than be employed in an up-to-date factory where a tailor was expected to wear a starched collar and necktie and was made the butt

(Continued on page 20)

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Mr. and Mrs. Meyer Levy and Mr. and Mrs. B. Bach, of Jackson, Mich., were the guests of the Misses Kallmeyer, 94 South Drive.

Miss Edna Frankel, Wellesley Street, has left to visit her aunt, Mrs. G. Heidelberger, who is summering at Brighton, Atlantic City.

Howard Sugarman, son of Mr. and Mrs. William Sugarman, of Vancouver, B.C., who has been taking a post graduate course at Oxford University, returned home via Montreal. He formerly attended Trinity College School, Port Hope, later graduating from the University of British Columbia and Berkeley, California.

Mrs. I. Jensen and son, Milton, of Buffalo, N.Y., have returned home after visiting her sister, Mrs. J. J. Allen, Roxborough Drive.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Frankel and children, Hudson Drive, were week-end guests of Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Frankel, at Lake Couchiching.

Among those who complimented Mrs. Lester Miller, of New York, who is visiting her sister, Mrs. Harold Levi, Lonsdale Road, were Mrs. Lawrence Rimonsky, Lucerne Road, at a tea room; Mrs. Henry Nathanson, dinner; Mr. and Mrs. Reid Laverson, dinner party.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Levy, Jarvis Street, left by boat for Montreal and the Laurentian Mountains.

Mrs. A. Rosenthal and daughter, Ruth, and son, Gordon, Russell Hill Road, have left on the Mauretania Trip.

Dr. M. A. Pollock and son, Oscar, River Street West, are expected back Saturday, August 3, from a motor trip to California, where they visited Mrs. Pollock and children, who will return later by rail.

Mrs. Carl Frankel, Glen Rose Avenue, gave a luncheon, bridge and tea party at the Oakdale Golf and Country Club Wednesday with guests for 25.

Sigmund Levene, Douglas Drive, has left for Old Orchard Beach, Maine, to join his family.

William Lenkel, Oriole Parkway, has left on a three weeks' trip to the West.

Mr. and Mrs. Perry Herman, Heath Street, spent the week-end at Bobcaygeon.

Mr. and Mrs. Barney Harris, Rushton Road, are home from a motor trip to Montreal and New York.

Dr. and Mrs. M. Kates, Edgar Avenue, are visiting their daughter and son at a camp for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Bernstein and son, Lloyd, Bernard Avenue, have returned from a three weeks' motor trip through Canada and the United States.

Rabbi P. M. Laserson, who is summering at Gregory, Muskoka, addressed the Rotary Club in Bathurst last Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. De Young, Grenadier, River Street West, have left on a four weeks' motor trip and will spend two weeks with their children, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Jacobs, of Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Lazarus, Johnson Avenue, visited for a week with their daughter and son at a camp in Fryeburg, Maine.

Mrs. A. Amburgh and daughter, of Chicago, who visited her sister, Mrs. Lazarus Frankel, Douglas Drive, have returned home.

Dr. and Mrs. Wm. Harris, Beverley Street, will visit their son Harry for Sunday week-end at a camp in Fryeburg, Maine.

Mr. and Mrs. A. King and family, 9 Glenrose Avenue, have moved to 295 Avenue Road.

Mrs. B. Silverman and children, Grace Street, accompanied her niece, Miss Minnie Gershon, of Brooklyn, N.Y., by motor as far as Buffalo, Sunday last.

Mrs. Rose Berg, Borden Street, spent the past week-end at Port Dover, where she visited her sister, Mrs. Harry Langer, who is summering there.

Mrs. H. Clavir and children, Earl and Ettie, Huron Street, are summering at Belmar, New Jersey.

Mrs. Sam Lavene has returned to New York after visiting her sister, Mrs. L. Forster, Arthur Crescent, for a month.

Miss Ruth Saltzman and Bernard Saltzman, of Chicago, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. B. Saltzman, Markham Street.

Miss Jean Vanstone, of New York, is the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Lionel H. Greenberg, Beverley Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Julius Kerper, of New York, visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. Cohen, Nassau Street, for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Leo Malcolmson, Bernard Street, have left to spend a few weeks with their son, Harman, at Bobcaygeon, where he is summering at a camp.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Rubin, Grange Street, gave a dinner Tuesday evening for Miss Jessie C. Stevens, of Passaic, N.J., and Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Miller, of Washington, D.C.

Mrs. Harold A. Fisher, Arlington Avenue, is at Jackson's Point.

Miss Sylvia Gold, Bruton Street, was hostess Thursday evening at a miscellaneous shower for Miss Annie Silverman and Annie Rosen, whose wedding takes place shortly. Those present were Annie Rosen, Annie Silverman, Annie Rosen, Annie Rosen, Annie Rosen

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Miss Frances Silverman, Grace Street, has left to spend a month at a camp in Ontario.

Miss Sylvia Gottlieb of Brooklyn, N.Y., who has been visiting her aunt, Mrs. S. Silverman, Grace Street, for the past five weeks, has gone home.

Mrs. Philip Lavine and daughter, Lenore, of Detroit, are the guests of her sister, Mrs. Wm. Winkler, at Roche's Point.

Miss Jeanne C. Siegenfort, of Passaic, N.J., who spent the past three weeks with Miss Beatrice Wahl, has returned home.

Mr. and Mrs. David Cadesky, Glenholme Avenue, are stopping for two weeks at Cobourg, this...

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Wagman and children, Lauder Avenue, are home from a two weeks' stay at Old Orchard Beach, Maine.

Miss Minnie Livingston, Spadina Road, is vacationing at Crystal Beach.

Mrs. David Goldman, Markham Street, entertained Wednesday afternoon at a luncheon in honour of Misses Annette Schulman and Arline Reemer, of Detroit.

Mrs. D. Rohold, Crawford Street, was tea hostess at the Royal York Hotel honouring Miss Jeanne C. Siegendorf, a member of the Faculty of Roosevelt School, Lodi, New Jersey.

Miss Lilyan Margolefsky, of Brooklyn, N.Y., is visiting Mr. and Mrs. S. Marlow, Markham Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Max Pearlstein, (nee Esther Waldman) have returned from their honeymoon, and are living at the Penrose Court Apartments.

Mrs. S. Abel, Galt Avenue, has as her guests her sister, Mrs. E. Haas, and nephew, Martin Schott, of Cleveland, Ohio.

Mrs. Lionel Fogler, Windsor Arms Hotel, is spending a few weeks at Cedarmere Hotel, Cobourg.

Mrs. D. N. Stein and children, High Park Avenue, are stopping for a month at Jackson's Point, Ont.

Mrs. A. Blumenthal, of Montreal, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Lester Levy, who is occupying a cottage at Jackson's Point for the summer.

Miss Bertha Kaufman, Bathurst Street, has left to stay for a couple of weeks at Lakeside House, Jackson's Point.

Mrs. Charles Sussman and son, Melvin, Markham Street, is home after staying for four weeks at Lakeside House, Jackson's Point.

Mrs. H. Smith and daughter, Miss Irma Smith, of Chicago, who were guests of Mrs. D. Berenson, Constance Street, have returned home.

Mrs. C. Wurtzel, Garfield Avenue, Mrs. G. Kellerman, Yonge Street, and Mrs. O. F. Silver and daughter, Miss Mae Silver, Highbourne Road, have left to spend three weeks in Detroit and Mount Clemens, Mich.

Mrs. D. Perlman and children, Bathurst Street, are summering at Jackson's Point.

Misses Sylvia and Alice Rosenberg entertained at a theatre party and tea in honour of Mrs. D. B. Rosenberg and daughter, Mildred, of Montreal.

Miss Jean Kurtz, Euclid Avenue, is staying for two weeks in Montreal and the Laurentian Mountains.

Mrs. J. Ashrow entertained at tea at the Royal York Hotel, in honour of her sister-in-law, Mrs. D. B. Rosenberg and niece, Miss Mildred Rosenberg, of Montreal.

Irving and Yudie Minocovitch, Markham Street, are home from a fishing trip to Sevgra Falls.

A double wedding anniversary was celebrated at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Phil Held, 18 Westmoreland Avenue, Wednesday evening, July 24, the fourteenth anniversary of the double wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Phil Held and Mrs. D. B. Rosenberg, of Montreal. Dinner was served to forty members of the immediate family. Among them were the parents of the couples, Mr. and Mrs. M. Minocovitch and Mr. and Mrs. H. Rosenberg, Mr. and Mrs. J. Ashrow, Mr. and Mrs. Chick Minocovitch, Mr. and Mrs. David Minocovitch, Mr. and Mrs. A. Snider, and Misses Rose, Sylvia, Alice and Minnie Rosenberg; Irving and Yudie Minocovitch, Mr. Held, of Ottawa.

Mrs. M. Halpern, Major Street, has left to spend a week in Buffalo, the guest of her sister and brother-in-law, Dr. and Mrs. Wm. Stone.

Miss Dollie Levinter, Palmerston Boulevard, is summering at Roche's Point.

Misses Sylvia and Alice Rosenberg, Montrose Avenue, have returned from a motor trip to Syracuse and New York.

Misses Edith and Flo Weintraub returned from a few weeks' stay in New York, and left to spend a week in Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Rosenberg and family, of Montreal, are visiting the parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. Rosenberg, Montrose Avenue, and Mr. and Mrs. M. Minocovitch, Markham Street.

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to mothers

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Marriages

Ginsberg-Davis

Mr and Mrs. E Davis, Bathurst Street, announce the marriage of their daughter, Freda, to Thomas Paul, son of Mrs. J. Ginsberg, D'Arcy Street, Sunday, July 21st. Mr and Mrs T. P. Ginsberg are spending their honeymoon in Detroit.

FAIRVIEW CAMP NEWS

Counsellors for the second party at Fairview Camp of the Junior Council of Jewish Women are Misses Ida Yudashkin, Lillian White, Lily Chaplin. In the original song contest the Jolly Campers were first, Loyal Fairviews second. In the original cabin yell contest the Smiling Ten, counsellor Lil White, and the Jolly Campers, counsellor Ida Yudashkin, were the Captains and assistant captains elected: Mary Earin and Sophie Lichman, Loyal Fairviews, Diana Bierman and Edith Wabeloff, Smiling Ten, Lily Sokoloff and Charlotte Cohen, Jolly Campers. At the marshmallow roast, Miss Tmima Lattner, camp director, told stories. Girls who took charge of the Friday night and Saturday morning services were Sophie Streiff, Edith Wabeloff, Mary Earin. Sermon by Bella Richmond. "The Bible" Molly Stone. "Camp Spirit" Bessie Cohen "Friendship". Edith Wabeloff sang the closing hymns. A dramatic entertainment was given by Mary Earin, Freda Schwartz, Mary Gilman, Sophie Lichman, Eva Ranraz, Pearl Sugarman, Rose Robinovitch, Bella Richmond, Charlotte Cohen, Molly Sugarman, Yetta Frisk, Rose Corbell, Sophie Streiff, Celia Chudnosky, Lil Sokoloff, Molly Shoom, Edith Wabeloff, Diana Blumen, Violet Gilman, Dorothy Neumansky, Blanche Grieg, Molly Stone, Jennie Lubeck, Sylvia Shoom.

At the Council Fire Miss Lattner spoke on "Community Spirit". Miss Lil White told stories. Mrs. Lewis White, Northcliffe Blvd., gave a camp treat.

YOUNG JUDAEA

Leaders' Club of Young Judaea met at the home of Murray Shapiro, Markham St. Leaders present:

Misses S. Belfer, M. Otis, M. Sobel, S. Freed, L. Shapiro, L. Freedman, R. Minkin, T. Pollack, S. Rosen, G. Rosen, and M. Levine. H. Carsman, M. Shapiro, A. Zimmerman, M. Kerner, E. Bohnen, Dr. M. Zimmerman, M. Sandler, F. Greenbaum. Visitors were: Misses E. Morantz, (Buenos Aires) C. Warman, E. Greenbaum, D. Freed, D. Shapiro, E. Orland, and M. Haberman (New York) A. Sheshtack, S. Kahn (Queen's University Kingston) D. Berman, F. Goldstein, M. Pollack and L. Klein (New York). Murray Handler read an article on "Judaism as a Civilization: Religion's Place In It" by M. M. Kaplan. Discussion.

Deaths

The death occured suddenly Wednesday evening, July 24, of Morris Swartz, age 54. The funeral was held Thursday, July 25, from his home, 236 Dundas Street, West, to the Roselawn cemetery. Rabbi M. Berger officiated. Mr. Swartz came to Toronto twenty-five years ago from Roumania and had been a resident here ever since. He was a member of the Canadian Order of Chosen Friends. Surviving are his wife and one son, Benjamin Swartz.

Born

To Mr and Mrs. E Weisberg, 618 Palmerston Boulevard, (nee Faye Caplin) at Toronto General Hospital, Monday, July 22, a son.

THIS IS NO JOKE

The Kirschenbaum family and the Rosenfeld family both lived in the same St. Louis flat. They got along amicably until a certain day in July when Mrs. Rosenfeld came down to see Mrs. Kirschenbaum.

"Would you be so kind as to lend us your victrola for a few days?" the visitor asked naively.

"With pleasure," answered Mrs. Kirschenbaum hospitably. "But is it possible that you want to dance when you work so hard all day and come home so late?"

"No," replied Mrs. Rosenfeld wearily, "we don't want to dance. We want to rest for a change."

MANY A TRUTH

Little Bobbie, aged 8, had come across the word "idiot" in one of his school text books and was somewhat confused as to its real meaning. After considering the matter for a while, he approached his father.

"An idiot, isn't a man, is he?" he questioned.

"You're wrong my boy," answered his father, eager to correct his brilliant son, "why, an idiot is the same kind of a man I am."

Cantor Joseph Rosenblatt and his son Leo, sailed for Buenos Aires, where he will make his Latin American debut. He will also give recitals in Rosario, Montevideo, and some cities in Brazil.

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The Rise of David Levinsky

(Continued from page 18)

of ridicule if he covered his head every time he took a drink of water. These, however, were minor advantages. The important thing, the insurmountable obstacle which kept these three skilled tailors away from the big cloak shops, was the fact that one had to work on Saturdays there, while in my place one could work on Sunday instead of Saturday.

My pressers were of the same class as my tailors. As for my operators, who were younger fellows and had adopted American ways, my shop had other attractions for them. For example, my operations were limited to a very small number of styles, and, as theirs was piece work, it meant greater earnings. While the employee of a Broadway firm (or of one of its contracts) was engaged on a large variety of garments, being continually shifted from one kind of work to another, a man working for me would be taken up with the same style for many days in succession, thus developing a much higher rate of speed and a fatter pay envelope.

Altogether, I always contrived to procure the cheapest labor obtainable, although this, as we have seen, by no means implied that my "hands" were inferior mechanics. The sum and substance of it all was that I could afford to sell a garment for less than what was its cost of production in the best known cloak-houses.

My business was making headway when the Cloak and Suit Makers' Union sprang into life again, with the usual rush and commotion, but with unusual portents of strength and stability. It seemed as if this time it had come to stay. My budding little establishment was too small, in fact, to be in immediate danger. It was one of a scattered number of insignificant places which the union found it difficult to control. Still, cheap labor being my chief excuse for being, the organization caused me no end of worry.

"Just when a fellow is beginning to make a living all sorts of black dreams will come along and trip him up," I complained to Meyer Nodelman, bitterly. "A bunch of good-for-nothings too lazy to work, will stir up trouble, and there you are."

"Oh, it won't last long," Meyer Nodelman consoled me. "Don't be excited anyhow. Business does not always go like grease, you know. You must be ready for trouble too."

He told me of his own experiences with unions and he drifted into a philosophical view of the matter. "You and I want to make as much money as possible, don't we?" he said. "Well, the working-men want the same. Can you blame them? We are fighting them and they are fighting us. The world is not a wedding-feast, Levinsky. It is a big barn-yard full of chickens and they are scratching one another and screaming over new arrivals. Why? Because there are like heaps of grain in the yard and each chicken wants to get as much of it as possible for itself and its own nest. But why do I start in the most commonplace fashion every time I start what I am going to say?"

He gave a sigh and I could see that nothing but at least I was bored and worried.

The big manufacturers could afford to pay union wages, but they were fighting them and so was I, and I could not afford to pay such wages. If I had to, I should have to get out of business.

[illegible] on strike [illegible] were a lot of men who [illegible] were in non-union shops. They made considerably more money by working for non-union wages than they would in the places that were under stringent union supervision. They could work any number of hours in my shop, and that was what my piece-workers wanted. To toil from sunrise till long after sunset was what every tailor was accustomed to in Antonio, for instance. Only over there one received a paltry few shillings at the end of the week while I paid my men many dollars.

So far, then I had been successful in eluding the vigilance of the walking delegates and my shop was in full blast from 8 in the morning to mid-night, whereas in the genuine union shops the regular workday was restricted to ten hours, and overtime to three, which, coupled with the especial advantage accruing from a limited number of styles handled, made my shop a desirable place to my "hands." A storm broke. All cloak manufacturers former a coalition and locked out their union men. A bitter struggle ensued. As it was rich in quaint "human nature" material, the newspapers bestowed a good deal of space upon it.

I made a pretense of joining in the lockout, my men clandestinely continuing to work for me. More than that, my working force was trebled, for, besides filling my own orders, I did some of the work of a well-known firm which found it much more difficult to procure non-union labor than I did. What was a great calamity to the trade in general seemed to be a source of overwhelming prosperity to me. But the golden windfall did not last long. The agitation and the picketing activities of the union, aided by the *Arbeiter Zeitung*, a Yiddish socialist weekly, were spreading a spell of enthusiasm (or fear) to which my men gradually succumbed. My best operator, a young fellow who exercised much influence over his shopmates and who had hitherto been genuinely devoted to me, became an ardent convert to union principles and led all my operatives out of the shop. I organized a shop elsewhere, but it was soon discovered.

Somebody must have reported to the editor of the *Arbeiter Zeitung* that at one time I had been a member of the union myself, for that weekly published a scurrilous paragraph, branding me as a traitor.

I read the paragraph with mixed rage and pain, and yet the sight of my name in print flattered my vanity, and when the heat of my fury subsided I became conscious of a sneaking feeling of gratitude to the socialist editor for printing the attack on me. For, behold! the same organ assailed the Vanderbilts, the Goulds, the Rothschilds, and by calling me "a fleecer of labor" it placed me in their class. I felt in good company. I felt, too, that while there were people by whom "fleecers" were cursed, there were many others who held them in high esteem, and that even those who cursed them had a secret envy for them, hoping some day to be fleecers of labor like them.

The only thing in that paragraph that galled me was the appellation of "cockroach manufacturer" by which it referred to me. I was going to parade the "quip" before Max and Dora, but thought better of it. The notion of Dora hearing me called "cockroach" made me squirm.

But Max somehow got wind of the paragraph, and one evening as I came home for supper he said, good-naturedly:

"You got a spanking, didn't you? I have seen what they say in the *Arbeiter Zeitung* about you."

"Oh, to the eighty black years with them!" I answered, blushing, and hastened to switch the conversation to the lockout and strike in general. "Oh, we'll get all the men we want," I said. "It's only a matter of time. We'll teach those scoundrels a lesson they'll never forget."

"If only you manufacturers stick together."

"You bet we will. We can wait. We are in no hurry. We can wait till those tramps come begging for a job," I said. For the benefit of Dora I added a little disquisition on the opportunities America offered to every man who had brains and industry, and on the grudge which men like myself were apt to arouse in lazy fellows. "These union leaders have neither brains nor a desire to work. That's why they can't work themselves up," I said. "Yes, and that's why they begrudge those who can. All those scoundrels are able to do is to hatch trouble."

I spoke as if I had been a capitalist of the higher altitudes and of long standing. That some of the big cloak firms had promised to back me with funds to keep me from yielding to the union I never mentioned.

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CHAPTER XIII

My ships being practically cleared, I was at home most of the time, not only in the evening, but many a forenoon or afternoon as well. Dora and I would hold interminable conversations. Our love was never alluded to. A new relationship on new terms seemed to have been established between us. It was as if we were saying: "Now, isn't this better? Why can't we go on like this forever?"

Sometimes I would watch her read with Lucy. Or else I would take up a newspaper or a book and sit reading at the same table. Dora was making rapid headway in her studies. If Max and Lucy was free from school, she would let her spend many an hour in the street, but she caused her to spend a good deal of time with her. If she did not read with her she would talk or listen to her. I often wondered whether it was for fear of her too much thrown into my company that she would make the child do indoors. At all events, her reading, spelling contests, or talks with Lucy bore perceptible fruit. Her English seemed to be improving every day, so much so that we gradually came to use a good deal of that language even when we were alone in the house even every word we said had an echo of Lucy's with which the tongue we were learning to speak seemed to be full of accent.

One evening mother and daughter sat at the open parlor window. While I was reclining in an easy chair at the other end of the room Lucy was narrating something and Dora was listening apparently with rapt attention. I could see their profiles. Finally I said: "She must be telling you something important, considering the interest you are showing in it."

Everything she says is important," Dora answered.

"What has she been telling you?"

"Oh, about her girls, about their teachers and their baseball games, and lots of things," she said, with a far away tone in her voice. "I want to know everything about her. Every time I wish I could get right into her life. I could be a child like her. Oh, why can't a person be born over again?"

Her longing ejaculation had perhaps more to do with her feelings for me than with her feelings for her mother. Anyhow, what she said about her being interested in everything that Lucy had to say was true. And, whether she listened to the child's prattle or not, it always seemed to me as though she absorbed every English word Lucy uttered and every American gesture she made. The American school girl radiated a subtle influence, a spiritual essence, which her mother breathed in greedily.

"My own life is lost, but she shall be educated." These words dropped from her lips quite often. On one occasion they came from her with a modification that lent them unusual meaning. It was on a Friday evening. Max was out, as usual, and the children were asleep. "My own life is lost, but Lucy shall be happy," she said.

"Why?" I said, feelingly. "Why should you think yourself lost? I can't bear it, Dora."

She made no answer. I attempted to renew the conversation, but without avail. She answered in inarticulate monosyllables and my voice had a constrained note.

At last I burst out, in our native tongue: "Why do you torture me, Dora? Why don't you let me talk and pour my heart out?"

"Oh! You mustn't," she said, pleadingly, also in Yiddish. "You'll get me in trouble if you do. It'll be the ruin of me and of the children, too. You mustn't."

"But you say your life is lost," I retorted, coming up close to the chair on which she sat. "Do you think it's easy for me to hear it? Do you think my heart is made of iron?"

"Sh-sh! You know everything without my speaking," she said, shrinking and drawing back. "You know well enough that I am not happy. Can't you rest until you have heard me say so again and again? Must you drive my heart? All right, then I'm about. Here I am unhappy, I am unhappy. I am unhappy. Max is a good husband to me. I can't complain. And we get along well, too. And I shall be true to him. May I choke right here, may darkness come upon me, if I ever cease to be a faithful wife to him. But you know that my heart has never been happy. Lucy will be happy and that will be my happiness. Yes, she shall go to college and be an educated American lady, and, if God sees me live, I shall see to it that she doesn't marry unless she meets the choice of her heart. She must be happy. She must make up for her mother's lost life, too. If my mother had understood things as I do, I, too, should have been happy. But she was an old-fashioned woman and she would have me marry in the old-fashioned way, so she married me off without saying her even so her "permission" one until the morning after the wedding. She angered bitterly. Of course I did see Max before the wedding, but it made no difference. I obeyed my mother, peace upon her soul. I thought love-marriages were something which only educated girls could dream of. My mother—peace upon her—implanted me to throw all fancies out of my mind, that I was a simple girl and must get married without fuss. And I did. In the country people take different notions. But I am already married and a mother. And I can do now is to see to it that Lucy shall be better educated and happy. And, when I see it that I see it that I see it that Lucy will be better off in the end. Those things again. They must be crushed. It is my heart and the cry must be thrown into the river. Certainly it is sinful to allow myself to think of such things. Lucy is my child, and her welfare is my duty. Nothing else matters. Nothing else exists. Nothing else must exist. Do you hear?"

CHAPTER XIV

The situation could not last.

One morning about three weeks subsequent to the above conversation Max left town for a day. One of his debtors, a dancing master, had disappeared without settling his account and Max had recently discovered that he was running a dance hall and bowling rooms in New Haven, so he went there to see what he could do toward collecting his bill. His absence for a whole day was nothing new, and yet the house seemed to have assumed a novel appearance that morning. When, after breakfast, Lucy ran out into the street I felt as though Dora and I were alone for the first time, and from her constraint I could see that she was experiencing a similar feeling. I hung around the house awkwardly. She was trying to keep herself busy. Finally I said:

"I think I'll be going. Maybe there is some news about the lieutenant."

I rose to go to the little reception for my hat, but on my way thither, as I came abreast of her, I paused, and with enormous effort I drew her to me.

She made but a perfunctory attempt at resistance, and when I kissed her she responded, our lips clinging together hungrily. It all seemed to have happened in a most natural way. When our lips parted at last her cheeks were deeply flushed and her eyes were dimmed.

"Dearest," I whispered.

"I must go up," she said shrinking back, her embarrassed gaze on the floor. "I have some marketing to do."

"Don't leave me," I said. "Not just now. Please don't." I said it with the least bit of authority. I was beginning to love Dora. I cared for the first time addressing her in the familiar pronoun.

"You ought not to speak to me like that," she said, happy, with fresh surprise in her voice. "It's terrible. What has got into me?"

I detained her in the room again and again we exchanged ourselves in a transport of kisses and vows.

"Dost thou love me, Dora? Tell me. I want to hear it from your own lips."

She slowly drew me to her bosom and clasped me with all her might. That was her answer to my question. Then, with a constrained parting kiss on my forehead, she said:

"No. Attend to business, dearest."

As I walked through the streets I was all for shouting to myself that I loved Dora dearly. My heart was dancing with joy over my discovery of her, and at the same time I felt that I was willing ready to sacrifice my life for her. It was a state of mental exaltation and optimism unknown. I really worshiped her.

I attended to my affairs in the office of the Mutual Insurance Company that day with a vigor I had never known before. My confidence in the Mutual Insurance Company increased my self-confidence and I always carried conviction upon the most important questions. Dora, the big men of the trade, now, however, I ran to in errands with an alacrity that was not mere servility.

I was constantly aware of the fact that this was my second love affair, as if it were something to be proud of. My love for Matilda was remote as a piece of art, while my passion for Dora was a flaming reality. "Matilda only tortured me," I said to myself, without malice. "She treated me as she would a dog, whereas Dora is an angel. I would jump into fire for her. Dora dear! Sweetheart mine!" I had to put the patience to wait until evening. I ran in to see her in the middle of the day.

She flung herself at me and we embraced and kissed as if we had been separated for years. Then, holding me by both hands, she gave me a shy look full of genuine bliss and clasped me to her bosom again. When she had calmed down she smoothed my hair, adjusted my necktie, told me she did not like it and offered to get me one more becoming.

"Do you love me? Do you really?" she asked, with deep earnestness.

"I do. I do Dora mine. I am crazy for you," I replied. "Now I know what real love means."

She sighed and after a pause her grave, alarmed mien broke into a smile.

"So all you told me about Matilda was a lie, was it?" she said roguishly. "There is no such person in the world, is there?"

"Don't talk about her, pray. You don't understand me. I never was happy before. Never in my life."

"Never at all?" she questioned me, earnestly.

"Never, Dora dearest. Anyhow let bygones be bygones. All I know is that I love you, that I am going crazy for you. Oh, I do love you."

"And, anybody else?"

"And you are not lying?"

"Lying? Why should you talk like that, dearest?"

"Why have you forgotten Matilda so soon?"

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"Do you call that soon? It's more than five years."

"But you told me that you had been in love with her a considerable time after you came to this country. Will you forget me so soon, too?"

I squirmed, I writhed. "Don't be tormenting me, dearest," I implored, my voice quavering with impatience. "I love thee and nobody else."

She fell into a muse. Then she said, with a far-away look in her eyes:

"I don't know where this will land me. It seems as if a great misfortune had befallen me. But I don't care. I don't care. I don't care. Come what may, I can't help it. At last I know what it means to be happy. I have been dreaming of it all my life. Now I know what it is like, and I am willing to suffer for it. Yes, I am willing to suffer for you, Levinsky." She spoke with profound, even-voiced earnestness, with peculiar solemnity, as though chanting a prayer. I was somewhat bored. Presently she paused, and, changing her tone, she asked: "Matilda talked to you of education. She wanted you to be an educated man, did she? Yes, but what did she do for you? She drank your blood, the leech, and when she got tired of it she dropped you. A woman like that ought to be torn to pieces. May every bit of the suffering she caused you come back to her a thousandfold. May her blood be shed as she shed yours." Suddenly she checked herself and said: "But, no, I am not going to curse her. I don't want you to think badly of her. Your love must be sacred, Levinsky. If you ever go back on me and love somebody else, don't let her curse me. Don't let anybody say a cross word about me."

Max came home after midnight and I did not see him until the next evening. When we met at supper (Dora was out at that moment) I had to make an effort to meet his eye. But he did not seem to notice anything out of the usual, and my awkwardness soon wore off.

Nor, indeed, was there any change in my feelings toward him. I had expected that he would now be hateful to me. He was not. He was absolutely the same man as he had always been, except perhaps, that I vaguely felt like a thief in his presence. Only I hated to think of Dora while I looked at him.

Presently Dora made her appearance. My embarrassment returned, more acute than ever. The consciousness of her confusion and, above all, the consciousness of the three of us being together, was insupportable. It was a terrible repast, though Max was absolutely unaware of anything unnatural in our demeanor. I retired to my room soon after supper.

I had a what-not half filled with books, so I drew a volume from it. I found it difficult to get my mind on it. My thoughts were circling around Dora and Max, round my precarious happiness, round the novelty of carrying on a romantic conspiracy with a married woman. Dora was so dear to me. I seemed to be vibrating with devotion to her. Regardless of the fact that she was somebody else's wife and a mother of two children, my love impressed me as something sacred. I seemed to accept the general rule that a wife-stealer is a despicable creature, a thief, a vile, immoral wretch. But now, that I was not facing Max, that rule, somehow, did not apply to my relations with Dora. Simultaneously with this feeling I had another one which excused my conduct on the theory that everybody was at the bottom of his heart likewise ready to set that rule at defiance and to make a mistress of his friend's wife, provided it could be done with absolute secrecy and safety. Max in my place would certainly not have scrupled to act as I did. But then I hated to think of him in this connection. I would brush all thoughts of him aside as I would a noxious fly. I was too selfish to endure the pain even of a moment's compunction. I treated myself as a doting mother does a wayward son.

The book in my hands was the first volume of Herbert Spencer's *Sociology*. My interest in this author and in Darwin was of recent origin. It had been born of my hatred for the Cloak-makers' Union, in fact. This is how I came to discover the existence of the two great names and to develop a passion for the ideas with which they are identified.

In my moments of bitterness at the neglect of the union I had often characterized them as so many good-for-nothings, jealous of those who had succeeded in business by their superior brains, industry, and efficiency. One day I found a long editorial in my newspaper, an answer to a letter from a socialist. The editorial derived its inspiration from the theory of the Struggle for Existence and the Survival of the Fittest. Unlike many of the other editorials I had read, it breathed conviction. It was obviously a work of love. When the central idea of the argument came home to me I was in a turmoil of surprise and elation. "Why, that's just what I have been saying all these days!" I exclaimed in my heart. "The able fellows succeed, and the misfits fail. Then the misfits begrudge those who accomplish things." I almost felt as though Darwin and Spencer had plagiarized a discovery of mine. Then, as I visualized the Struggle for Existence, I recalled Meyer Nodelman's parable of chickens fighting for food, and it seemed to me that, between the two of us, Nodelman and I had hit upon the whole Darwinian doctrine. Later, however, when I dipped into Social Statics, I was overborne by the wondrous novelty of the thing and by a sense of my own futility, ignorance and cheapness. I felt at the gates of a great world of knowledge whose existence I had not even suspected. I had to read the *Origin of Species* and the *Descent of Man*, and then Spencer again. I sat up nights reading these books. Apart from the purely intellectual intoxication they gave me, they flattered my vanity as one of the "fittest." It was as though all the wonders of learning, acumen, ingenuity, and assiduity displayed in these works had been intended, among other purposes, to establish my title as one of the victors of Existence.

A working-man, and every one else who was poor, was an object of contempt to me—a misfit a weakling, a failure, one of the rock.

CHAPTER XV

It was August. In normal times this would have been the beginning of the great "winter season" in our trade. As it was, the deadlock continued. The stubbornness of the men, far from showing signs of wilting under the strain of so many weeks of enforced idleness and suffering, seemed to be gathering strength, while our own people, the manufacturers, were frankly weakening. The danger of having the great season pass without one being able to fill a single order overcame the fighting blood of the most pugnacious among them. One was confronted with the risk of losing one's best customers. The trade threatened to pass from New York to Philadelphia and Chicago. If you called the attention of a manufacturer to the unyielding courage of the workmen, the reply invariably was, first, that it was all mere bravado; and, second, that, anyhow, the poor devils had nothing to lose, while the manufacturers had their investments to lose.

The press supported the strikers. It did so, not because they were working-people, but because they were Russians. Their district was the great field of activity for the American University Settlement worker and fashionable slummer. The East Side was a place upon which one descended in quest of exoteric types and "local color," as well as for purposes of philanthropy and "uplift" work. To spend an evening in some East Side café was regarded as something like spending a few hours at the Louvre; so much so that one such café, in the depths of East Houston Street, was making a fortune by purveying expensive wine dinners to people from uptown who came there ostensibly to see "how the other lived," but who only gave one another eat and drink in freedom from the restraint of manners. Accordingly, to show sympathy for East Side strik-

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"Please mention this paper"

ers was within the bounds of the highest propriety. It was as "correct" as belonging to the Episcopal Church. And so public opinion was wholly on the side of the Cloak-makers' Union. This hastened the end. We succumbed. A settlement was patched up. We were beaten. But even this did not appease the men. They repudiated the agreement between their organization and ours, branding it as a trap, and the strike was continued. Then the manufacturers yielded completely, according to every demand of the union.

I became busy. I continued to curse the union, but at the bottom of my heart I wished it well, for the vigor with which it enforced its increased wage scale in all larger factories gave me greater advantage than ever. I was still able to get men who were willing to trick the organization. Every Friday afternoon these men received pay-envelopes which bore figures in strict conformity with the union's schedule, but the contents of which were considerably below the sum marked outside. Subsequently this proved to be a risky practice to pursue, for the walking delegates were wide awake and apt to examine the envelopes as the operatives were emerging from the shop. Accordingly, I adopted another system: the men would receive the union pay in full, but on the following Monday each of them would pay me back the difference between the official and the actual wage. The usual practice was for the employee to put the few dollars into his little wage-book, which he would then place on my desk for the ostensible purpose of having his account verified.

By thus cheating the union I could now undersell the bigger manufacturers more easily than I had been able to do previous to the lockout and strike. I had more orders than I could fill. Money was coming in in floods.

The lockout and the absolute triumph of the union was practically the making of me.

I saw much less of Dora than I had done during the five months of the lockout, and our happiness when we managed to be left alone was all the sweeter for it. Our best time for a tête-a-tête were the hours between 10 and 12 on the evenings when Max was sure to be away at his dancing-schools, but then it often happened that those were among my busiest hours at the shop. Sometimes I would snatch half an hour from my work in the middle of a busy day to surprise her with my caresses. If a week passed without my doing so she would punish me with mute scenes of jealousy, of which none but she and I were aware. She would avoid looking at me, and I would press my hand to my heart and raise a pleading gaze at her, which said:

"I couldn't get away, dearest. Honest I couldn't."

One evening I bought her some roses. As I carried them home I was thrilled as much by the fact that I, David of Abner's Court, was taking flowers to a lady as I was by visioning the moment when I should hand them to Dora. When I came home and put my offering into her hand she was in a flurry of delight over it, but she was scared to death lest it should betray our secret. After giving way to bursts of admiration for the flowers and myself, and smelling her fill, and covering me with kisses, she burned the bouquet in the stove and forbade me to use this method of showing her attention again.

"Your dear eyes are the best flowers you can bring me," she said.

(Continued next week)

Ralph Jonas, prominent business man and philanthropist of Brooklyn, has been put forward by Kings county Republicans as a likely candidate for the Fusion nomination for Mayor in the coming city campaign.

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2 cups Purity Flour. 1 cup sugar.

¼ cup butter.

Rub the above to crumbs. Take out ¼ cup of crumbs. Mix the rest with one cup sour milk, 1 teaspoon baking soda, 1 teaspoon cloves, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 egg, 1 cup raisins. Sprinkle the crumbs on top of cake before baking.

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Zionist Congress Opens in Zurich

The first session of the 16th biennial world Zionist Congress opened at Zurich, July 28, Switzerland with 306 delegates from 40 countries in attendance. One of the principal proposals on the program of the congress is for enlargement of the Jewish Agency, which controls the Jewish administration of Palestine.

After the congress session, the agency's council will hold its first session to hear the first high commissioner of Palestine, Sir Herbert Samuel, and Lord Melchett.

In opening the congress, Dr. Chaim Weizemann said that for amelioration of the Palestine situation it is necessary to establish a program for colonization and immigration and to speed the enlargement of the Jewish Agency.

The congress was greeted by William Russell, in the name of the British Government.

Conversion to other faiths, intermarriage, a decreasing birth rate and an unchanged mortality rate were cited by Dr. Arthur Ruppin of Tel Aviv, Palestine, as menaces to the continued existence of the Jews as a people. He spoke today at the sixteenth biennial Zionist congress. Dr. Ruppin argued that although the rights of Jews as equal citizens has been recognized in a majority of countries and although the last three decades witnessed an unprecedented growth of the Jewish population throughout the world, they are in danger of extinction. He estimated that in 24 years the number of Jews throughout the world has grown from 16,500,000 to 18,000,000.

Nahum Sokolow was re-elected president of the Congress. Archibald J. Freiman, of Ottawa, Ont., was among those elected vice-presidents.

Theodor Herzl, Great Jewish Leader

A Tribute To The Founder of The Modern Zionist Movement, on the 25th Anniversary of His Death

By Nahum Sokolow

In the following appreciation Nahum Sokolow, President of the World Zionist Executive and distinguished Jewish historian, characterizes the personality of Theodor Herzl, founder of the modern Zionist movement and leader of the Jewish Renaissance. A thoroughly objective estimate, Mr. Sokolow's article is, nevertheless, one of high praise of the man who is credited with having changed Jewish history to a new direction. The 25th anniversary of the death of Dr. Herzl was commemorated on a very impressive manner at the opening session of the 16th Zionist Congress now held at Zurich, Switzerland. Similar memorial meetings were held in all parts of the world.

A quarter of a century has passed since the tragic news of Herzl's premature death spread like a thunderclap over the Jewish world; and till this day the shadow of it still lies on my heart. If there be one Hebrew word which Western Jewry must learn, it is *nechomo*. "I comfort us." One of the many fine things that Hebraism has given the world has suddenly now extinguished[1]. And the truth is that Herzl illumined the Jewish people for a time. For many, many years to come the entire Jewish people must mourn the loss of this lofty personality, whose genius exercised a more powerful influence upon Jewry than all the enormous fortunes of our millionaires or the combined authority of our communal organizations—this man who opened new horizons to the Jewish national idea.

What Jastrow said of Dr. Leo Pinsker, the author of Auto-Emancipation, that he belonged not to the Russian Jews but to collective Jewry—can be applied to Herzl even more strongly. Above all, we must emphasize the fact that Herzl was the first of the West European Zionists to become naturalized, so to speak, in the Jewish nation; his was the most complete victory over local limitations and prejudices. Although the finest elements of Viennese culture had become part of his very being, he retained nothing of the Austrian assimilationist. His receptive and active imagination enabled him to reach at almost one bound the highest peak of general Jewish popularity. He was a repatriate, the first citizen of the whole land even before it became politically Zionist. To us East European Jews he was as a brother, with all the charm of a stranger and all the familiarity of a kinsman. By his attitude he proclaimed himself free from local, personal and party differences.

[illegible] the whole [illegible] spirit of Zionism, because of the service of this organization [illegible] extraordinary importance for the work and a remarkable historical gift. His first addresses, delivered in London before the Congress was created, held his listeners spellbound by the passionate love for the Jewish people and fervent faith in its future which informed them. [illegible] of parliament [illegible] Zionist [illegible] it was in the Zionist Congress [illegible] that [illegible] a people [illegible] was the power to reform and purify [illegible] who was [illegible] a State [illegible] of [illegible] ideals—[illegible] [illegible] Jewish [illegible] Jewish [illegible] a [illegible] and [illegible] a man of [illegible] and [illegible] action.

[illegible] were [illegible] the [illegible] Jewish people [illegible] Zionist [illegible] Europe [illegible] Zionist [illegible] attention [illegible] Zionist movement, [illegible]

ed, but this alone does not suffice. Herzl showed how Zionism could be created out of almost nothing. He it was who gave life to our Zionist world.

Among his Jewish contemporaries there was not one who approached him in his many sidedness, his universal culture and intellectualism, his wit, his elegance, his talent for investing old facts with the grace of novelty, his sound common sense and uncommon refinement.

Primarily an artist gifted with a vivid imagination, Herzl was a most brilliant and fascinating writer without excessive profundity or didacticism. He attached greater importance to beauty of style than to content and to mood than to formal concepts. He cultivated the art of oratory with great care, although he can hardly be considered a powerful thinker in the ordinary sense of the word. But he was more. The power of his words enhanced by a specific voice was great. But his very poetic style fervent and yet restrained sometimes reached the peak of sublimity.

What was the essential character of Herzl? Gentle as a child he was [illegible] a passionate love of nature, extraordinary [illegible] and a wealth of poetic feeling [illegible] expressed in words whose beauty of imagery was combined with artistic precision. His incomparable grace and manly dignity [illegible] shadow [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]